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... THE ...

EYE-WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE libel case of "Flanders v. Forrester," heard on Tuesday last before the Lord Chief Justice, was of especial interest to readers of THE ACADEMY, the writer of the article complained of being a member of our staff. The article—or, rather, the humorous sketch—appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 1st, 1910, and the plaintiff claimed damages against that paper by reason of an accidental coincidence of name. Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., defending in a masterly speech, recalled the famous "Artemus Jones" case, and asked who would be safe in the future if juries gave the slightest encouragement to this class of action. The author gave evidence that he had never heard of the plaintiff, nor of any person of that name except "a certain lady whose Christian name was Moll"—at which the Court smiled—and the jury, without leaving the box, decided in two minutes in favour of the defendant. The decision was of great importance to authors and journalists, who are bound to use names bearing some similitude to life in their stories, sketches, and

novels, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* has done good service in fighting this case, having cleared an issue which had become somewhat involved, and which was well worth defending in the public interest. Most of the daily papers commented upon the case on Wednesday morning, many of them in leading articles. Among others, the *Daily Express* remarked that "the law of libel remains a strong defence against spite, malice, and injury; but it is cleared of intolerable absurdities;" the *Chronicle* observed that the situation is eased, and that "yesterday's verdict will relieve authors from the vague apprehensions that have tormented them," and the *Daily News*, in almost the language of Mr. F. E. Smith's speech, says that "it is rare even in these days of factitious action that so unreal a grievance is brought into court."

We notice a "Plea for Standard Dress" in the columns of a contemporary—a suggestion that women should adopt a regular costume in order that all should "look equally well, without extravagance, provided they are equally good-looking." If they were all equally good-looking we presume they would all look "equally well," but let that pass, and turn the searchlight of an illuminated moment upon an uniformed feminine world. Could we live in such a world? Not for one single week. Life would become too dreary to contemplate. Where would be the charm of London streets without the varied headgear—to mention only one item—which at present prevails? To reduce everything to rule, to turn out men and women as from a mould, to merge individuality into grim and grey monotony, is the last resort of would-be reformers. We foresee the time, if uniform dress for ladies were achieved, when there shall be a Censor of Waists and an Inspector of Coiffures; when heels shall all be of the same height, hair of the same length, gloves of the same colour, and laces—if allowed—of the same pattern; when, in short, we shall drill and march in step through a disciplined and carefully regulated and extremely uninteresting world. But this becomes a nightmare—we will turn our attention to less unhappy notions.

In a recent article by Professor Reinhardt we note that he advocates "Open-air Theatres for the Whole Country," thereby proving himself a stranger—albeit a welcome stranger—in our land. The theatre of his dreams, built "on a gigantic scale with a seating capacity of about 10,000, in circus form," will never come to realisation in England, the Land of the Umbrella; and we write this in full memory of the late glorious summer. Imagine the distress of the performers—and of the audience—when in the midst of, let us say, "A Wood Near Athens" the rain descended, and the winds blew, and the dust turned to mud, and ten thousand umbrellas mutely protested against the raging heavens! To live and work and play in the open-air is a fine thing—when the weather is fine; it might have been very charming in Greece; but in England . . . no; we would rather be in a comfortable stall or a box.

This open-air theatre should exist, says Professor Reinhardt, in every town and village, and would present plays written by local authors—which sounds rather dreadful. For not all places can boast, as can Dorchester, for instance, of a "local author" whose technique and literary form could be depended upon, and we might suffer from a plague of little philosophers who view their own works through a magnifying lens; we might then even be driven for refuge to the local music-hall. The theatre at present seems certainly to be in a stage of transition which will be notable in future histories, but these suggestions of Professor Reinhardt, capable stage-manager and artist though he may be, will not prove to be the way out of its difficulties.

AUBE

The dawn is creeping up the hill,
I know, and on the further side
The waters, rose and flame, are still;
A trail of jasmin flutters at my side.

I have seen the sullen winter-dawn
Creep over house-tops, not the hill,
And seen the sluggish sunlight fill
The gaps that yawn
Between the houses. Ah, not so
This gradual glow
That climbs the ladder of the sky!
The air stirs when the dawn is nigh
And fills with wine of wind the heaven's broad cup.
Into my heart, as into the sky,
Dawn creeps up.

RICHARD BUXTON.

THE SEVEN-FOLD FLUTE OF PAN

The pipes of Pan are still,
The gods have crept away.
The morning dews distil
Here, where the gods held sway.
The pipes of Pan are still,
The ancient shrines decay,
And lovers' vows, or broke or kept,
Far into shadowland are swept.

The pipes of Pan are dumb,
His melodies forgot.
Call, he will never come;
Seek, you will find him not.
The pipes of Pan are dumb,
And all his loves, I wot,
Lie hidden from all stress and sound
In dreamless sleep for ever bound.

Only their ghosts are here
To prompt a noontide dream:
To picture true and clear
Visions that do but seem.
Only their ghosts are here.
Or is it that the stream,
Distorts reflected leaf and stem,
And from oblivion summons them?

RONALD LEWIS CARTON.

"BANGED, BARRED, AND BOLTED"

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

NEVER before in the whole chequered history of party politics has a Cabinet Minister been reduced to such a sorry plight as Mr. Winston Churchill. If he possessed any sense of dignity he would withdraw from a situation in which he is destined to play such a farcical rôle; but he has advertised his historic visit to Ulster to such an extent that he feels he must try to save his face by even a flying trip to the town

where nobody wants him. During the past week he has been engaged in carrying on a correspondence with Lord Londonderry, endeavouring to explain away the reasons of his visit. Lord Londonderry in his dignified and effective reply accused him of only having one object in view—namely, to be able to return to England and misrepresent the views of the Orangemen to English audiences. This charge Mr. Churchill has not been able to deny. The net result of the controversy is that the original programme for his visit has been completely modified, and instead of being a triumphal march of Home Rule into the heart of the enemy's country, as it was intended it should be, Mr. Churchill finds himself obliged to creep into Belfast by a back door under the protection of five battalions of infantry and multitudes of Irish Constabulary, with Dreadnoughts and submarines waiting in the harbour to afford him a safe means of retreat should the necessity arise. Let us compare the original programme with the modified one. The original one: The Secretary for the Navy will arrive at the station and there be greeted by the leading Liberals of Belfast and a huge contingent of Nationalists, who will escort him in triumph through the principal streets of the city to the Liberal Club, where he will attend a great luncheon and encourage the supporters of Home Rule by a telling oration. The afternoon will be passed in driving round the town trying to find out if there are any Orangemen in Belfast, as is sometimes reported in the Unionist Press. At night he will drive in state to the Ulster Hall, where, in the presence of a vast concourse, he will strive, with his customary dialectical skill, to explain away his father's

Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right.

On the following day he will inspect the Belfast Docks and pronounce on their efficiency or inefficiency in the presence of the entire Belfast Harbour Board and Corporation. The same night he will return to London, giving interviews to all and sundry, stating that the agitation against Home Rule is dead in Ulster, and that an entire United Ireland is clamouring for independence.

The modified programme: Mr. Winston Churchill will arrive secretly in Belfast, but whether by train or on a yacht, or a Dreadnought, or a submarine, or in an aeroplane, we are not yet informed. At any rate, with the assistance of the five thousand extra troops, vast contingents of loyal Irish Constabulary, machine-guns at street-corners, and many plain-clothes officers, efforts will be made to keep him in fairly good health until 1.30 in the afternoon of February 8th, when he will be smuggled to a huge tent on the Celtic Park Football Ground. But he is not to address an open-air meeting—rather a trying ordeal in this cold weather—for some Southern Scots have sent over a marquee capable of holding four thousand persons, and in this Mr. Churchill will make his Historic Pronouncement. There will be no further function or demonstration of any kind, and, in the words of the official statement, "Mr. Churchill will return to Scotland the same evening." They are optimistic. There will be no official inspection of Belfast Harbour, because the Corporation have refused to show him over.

Was there ever such a situation? A Cabinet Minister finding every hall in the largest city of Ireland "banged, barred, and bolted," and reduced to importing a tent from Scotland. Paraphrasing a famous remark of Disraeli, we are about to see "the ordinance of John Redmond transported on the shoulders of Winston, escorted by the Dread-

noughts of England, and delivered to the Nationalists in a tent from Scotland."

Again, was there ever such a situation as a Secretary of the Navy refused permission to visit one of the largest ports in the kingdom? But Mr. Winston Churchill will surely never forget his visit to Ulster. He will learn that it is sometimes dangerous to lay your plans before you have consulted the most interested parties. He made the fatal mistake of judging the men of Ulster by his own complacent followers in Scotland and England. He forgot that once the primitive passions of men are aroused the ordinary rules and regulations which govern political life are immediately discarded. Ulster is in deadly earnest. We hope there will be no grave disorder on the day of Mr. Churchill's visit. But many of those present will remember Lord Randolph Churchill's visit in 1885, and once excited, the Irish are a difficult race to keep in order. A tent from Scotland is a flimsy structure, and liable to come down in a gale or under the pressure of a vast multitude squabbling and fighting. Every peg will have to be protected by a contingent of British troops, and if bloodshed results the responsibility will rest on Mr. Churchill.

WILLIAM PENN AND HIS MESSAGE

WE conceive William Penn as sturdy and well-built. In the portrait of him as a young man there is nothing austere in his countenance. There is a luxurious grace in his bearing, suggesting a Royalist rather than a Puritan. In a later portrait, however, the effect is very different, for we note the protuberant nose and the heavy but well-moulded chin, and we receive a strong impression that here indeed is a man with a driving will that can master circumstance and overcome all adversities. We must not, however, rely too much upon the Penn portraits. The Quakers regarded the sitting to an artist as something bordering on wickedness, so that it is more than probable that the Penn portraits were for the most part painted from memory.

In Penn's boyhood we find a love of athletic sports mingled with mystical pietism. He was a warm admirer of Sir Walter Raleigh, and there is no doubt that this illustrious hero considerably influenced him, for the strength and sheer goodness of the man must have laid a hold upon a heart that was always responsive to the best in humanity. We pass over his dismissal from Oxford for Nonconformity and his short stay in Paris, where he was in close touch with the Court of Louis XIV. During a visit to Cork he listened again to Thomas Loe, a Friend, who preached a sermon on the text "There is a faith which overcometh the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world." It was to Thomas Loe we owe young Penn's religious decision. It was Thomas Loe who sent him forth on a road where he suffered much, laboured much, but where he fought and won liberty of conscience for himself and others. Newgate, the Tower, and the Fleet saw that courageous soul. In "Sandy Foundation Shaken" Penn attacked "the Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity, the Anselmian rationale of the Atonement, and the Calvinistic theory of Justification." For this pamphlet, published without licence, Penn was imprisoned in the Tower. Here he wrote that immortal book "No Cross, No Crown," which deserves to rank with Keble's "Christian Year" and "The Imitation of Christ." Carlyle once visited a model prison, and regarded the prisoners with envy. He remarked that had he like quiet and leisure he could write

such a book as the public had never had from him yet. There was nothing of the model prison about Newgate; but, in spite of its squalor, Penn wrote his soul-moving book, not because he had quiet, which Carlyle ever longed for and never obtained, but because he had peace, the inward peace that is a radiant joy.

"Force may subdue, but Love gains" was one of William Penn's maxims in "Some Fruits of Solitude." It was something more than a trite maxim, for it was the note that sounded clear and strong throughout the whole of his life. Too much emphasis is laid on the fact that Penn was a Quaker. On one occasion he claimed himself to be a Catholic, though not a Roman one, and by his use of the word Catholic he laid aside creed and dogma, form and ritual, and stood for true religion. He stood for tolerance in an age of intolerance, for purity when vice had opened wide its flood-gates, for sound, honest labour in the place of gross idleness, and for brotherhood at a time of avarice and self-seeking. He was a fine, robust Christian whose Christianity was not hidden away in a chapel-of-ease, an exotic to be cultivated in quiet hours and abandoned in time of worldly action. Penn carried his religion about with him, not as a crude ranter, though he indulged in theological disputes, but as one whose devotion to his God made itself manifest in his clean, strenuous life. There was a fire that leapt and burned within him, a fire that kindled and illumined all he did and all with whom he came in contact.

R. L. Stevenson regarded "Some Fruits of Solitude" as a rare and precious book. In a letter to his friend Horatio F. Brown, he wrote: "There is not a man living—no, nor recently dead—that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words." It was R. L. S.'s intention to write on the subject, but illness prevented him from doing so. Nevertheless, Stevenson owed much to William Penn in an hour when he needed most a guiding hand, and that faith of Louis Stevenson, about which we have read so much, was certainly influenced by the sound and wholesome "fruit" provided by Penn.

Many writers of Penn's time were prolix to dulness. Long, involved sentences were the order of the day, and Penn was influenced in the writing of his maxims, so far as construction was concerned, by a great French author. Mr. Edmund Gosse writes:—

It was in England that La Rochefoucauld's influence was more instantly felt than anywhere else out of France. All these influences were more or less fairly at work on William Penn when he wrote "Some Fruits of Solitude." La Rochefoucauld is the very living spirit of negative and sarcastic art. In his lapidary art malignity is the polishing-powder which completes the work. But in that of Penn all is absolute rose-colour. He combats the cynical attitude throughout. His art is on his sleeve; he will take you aside, although he sees you for the first time, and tell you everything.

Optimism, combined with extreme openness, were certainly marked characteristics of William Penn. He had nothing up his sleeve because his heart was on the outside. These qualities in Penn, excellent in their way, stood, nevertheless, for certain limitations. He seemed to expect, in blind good faith, the same amount of optimism and frankness in others. He was a man far in advance of his age, and in some respects far in advance of our own too. He dreamed of a universal brotherhood, of peace and righteousness upon the earth, and his lofty conception of true citizenship was closely bound up with Christian service. Penn's dream has not come true yet. There is still intolerance, still war, and brotherhood between man and man seems a long way off; but, nevertheless, we are moving along in the right direction. We are beginning to realise that we

must set Jingoism by the heels and lay low that gutter-cry of false patriotism. We are beginning to discover that Penn's message of peace is indeed mightier than the sword. To believe in ultimate success is more than half the battle, and William Penn, who refused to take off his hat in the presence of his father or the Duke of York, would certainly not have done so to a great gathering of gloomy deans. The wheel of social advancement would move along quicker if there were fewer people ready to grumble and grant over its necessarily slow progress. There is a form of carping criticism that retards advance, where the oil of cheery optimism would accomplish much.

Even a man far in advance of his age has his limitations, and with William Penn the magnitude of his vision, as far as the main outline was concerned, rendered him incapable, on certain occasions, of grasping details. He believed in the clemency of James II., though the clemency existed only in his imagination, and in order to account for very sorry events he threw all the blame on Jeffreys and the priests. Macaulay denied him "strong sense," and in doing so he was not altogether unjust. Penn was an idealist over and above everything else, and his idealism was not always controlled by the practicable. That frankness of his was not likely to foster either caution or subtlety of purpose. He was a reformer with big ideas, a preacher with a stirring message rather than a statesman. On this point no one is likely to disagree with Macaulay; but those who have found an inspiration in the life of William Penn will very strongly, and very rightly, oppose this historian's general attitude towards this high-minded man. Macaulay has been accused of "party-spirit, inaccuracy, and prejudice." After carefully weighing the evidence at our disposal we can find no word to excuse his acrimonious and altogether unfair attack on William Penn. It must have been prompted by deep-rooted prejudice, followed by a narrow method of reasoning. Macaulay definitely asserted that William Penn accepted the vile office of extorting money from the families of the Taunton Maids. We believe that the Earl of Sunderland's letter was written to George Penne, who was all too conversant with such shady practices. The question was closely argued by W. E. Forster in his preface to Clarkson's "Life of Penn," and by Hepworth Dixon in "William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania." Macaulay refused to alter his opinion, and in the sixth edition of the "History" he added a long note that only revealed to a greater extent his hardened prejudice. The note concludes thus: "If it be said that it is incredible that so good a man would have been concerned in so bad an affair, I can only answer that this affair was very far indeed from being the worst in which he was concerned." Of argument on the subject we have had enough and to spare. Penn's clean, vigorous life is the best and surest counterblast to his slanderers.

The imprisonment of William Penn fostered rather than checked his freedom of conscience. The whole man cried out for tolerance. The great dream within him glowed more brightly. He saw in the colours of that dream a city where righteousness reigned. Voices called to him from over the sea, voices that seemed to cry: "Brother, brother, build us a city whose foundation-stone is love. Build us a city, found a state where men shall be free and only God feared." And Penn answered that call. He sailed forth into a new world and seemed near the dazzling heights of his splendid purpose. He climbed high up the mountain of human concord and righteousness, and it is we of a later age who must follow in his steps and press forward to the goal he so courageously pointed out.

How inspiring was Penn's meeting with the Indian chiefs! Standing under an elm tree at Shackamaxon he thus addressed them:—

The Great Spirit rules in the Heavens and the Earth; He

knows the innermost thoughts of men; He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against our enemies; good faith and goodwill towards men are our defences. We believe you will deal kindly and justly by us, as we will deal kindly and justly by you. We meet on the broad pathway of good faith and goodwill; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love.

The passing of the "Great Law" was a stupendous achievement. It was a law remarkable for its leniency, for its broad, humane feeling. Voltaire described the treaty of amity as the only covenant of the kind that was neither sworn to nor broken. All forms of monotheistic worship were tolerated, so far as they were compatible with Christian morality, for, as Penn read to those Indian Chiefs: "We will be brethren, my people and your people, as the children of one Father. All the paths shall be open to the Christian and the Indian. The doors of the Christian shall be open to the Indian, and the wigwams of the Indian shall be open to the Christian." That was the message of the Founder of Pennsylvania, and the message was part of the man himself.

In looking back upon last year's ceremony of the unveiling of the William Penn memorial tablet, we are impressed by the fact that the message of this great man is a stirring message for the needs of to-day. We have placed the tablet in Allhallows Barking, and it now remains for us to extend our veneration by placing Penn's message of peace and goodwill throughout the nations of the world. No one is more conscious of this great truth than the ex-Lord Mayor, Sir T. Vezey Strong. In Sir Vezey we have a man after Penn's own heart, for he has proved himself to be, not only a great citizen of a great city, but in a broader and deeper sense as a citizen of the world, a powerful advocate of universal peace and brotherhood. Sir Vezey had the distinction of being Lord Mayor during the Coronation year, and his work has prospered in every department with which he was connected. His genial presence, his natural eloquence, and more, his sound judgment and influence for good, have met with warm appreciation. One characteristic has impressed us more than any other, and that is his unity of purpose, his desire to foster the best in the human race, to sound the note of harmony and peace, goodwill and fellowship throughout the world. Sir Vezey has sought to extend the peace and goodwill Penn brought with him to America. He aims with untiring zeal at "the ideal of a brotherly assembly of peoples co-operating in the work of advancing civilisation, and prompting the happiness of mankind upon the earth." In his far-sighted wisdom he sees the necessity of peace and arbitration, not only between England and America, but throughout the nations of the world. He desires that "all cities that are and are yet to be on the unbuilt spaces of the earth shall be veritable counterparts of that city which hath foundations, 'whose builder and maker is God.'" Does not such a message, which is an extension of Penn's high ideal, quicken the imagination and stir the very best within us? Penn suffered for his convictions. "My prison," said he, "shall be my grave before I will budge a jot, for I owe obedience of my conscience to no mortal man." We do not suffer much for our convictions to-day, and perhaps for that very reason we are in danger of becoming slack. We should do well to recall Penn's homely words: "Love Labour; for if thou dost not want it for Food, thou mayest for *I'physick*." Penn's labour was love, and having founded an ideal state he has left us to found, not perhaps an ideal world, but at least a world free from war, and bound by the tie of universal brotherhood.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

DEMOCRACY AND THE LOST GARDEN

By ARTHUR MACHEN

It is long since I have read that curious and indeed unique romance of Beckford, "Vathek." But I have a confused and vague recollection of a dreadful hall of doom described therein, whose sad inhabitants paced to and fro in restless and anguished fashion, each man holding his hand to his breast. It turned out, if I remember rightly, that the hearts of these condemned and hapless personages had been taken away, and that they bore within them, instead of hearts, coals of burning fire. It is long since I read "Vathek," it is some time since I was in the company of "advanced and progressive thinkers;" but the resemblance has suddenly struck me; in either case there is the same restlessness and interior war, the same suggestion of constant torment.

In the case of the advanced thinkers, I suppose the fretful fuss and rancour are due to the fact that such people have solemnly given their assent to a series of propositions that are manifestly and certainly untrue. Imagine yourself committed to the belief that 2 and 2 make 5, and then sentenced to dwell in a world where they are constantly making four and nothing but four. You collect two apples, and then two other apples; in spite of all that you can say, everybody can see—cannot help seeing—that there are only four apples on the board. You try again with oranges, and the result is the same, and so it is with matches and nuts; and even pins refuse to obey your decree. Here you are bound internally to profess belief in the 5 result, and every visible and tangible and concrete experiment gives 4 and nothing but 4. It seems to me that such a state of things well accounts for a considerable state of nervous irritability; it must leave the advanced thinker very much in the same condition of puzzled annoyance as that experienced by the ordinary thinker confronted by that ancient and intolerable problem of Achilles and the Tortoise. "Solvitur ambulando" was the old answer; get your fast runner and your slow beast, and you will find that it is not so; see, the man races past the reptile, as it were, with the speed of light. Yes, and there lies the Sphinx-like horror and perplexity of the whole affair; our common sense tells us that Achilles is past and away and out of sight before the sluggish tortoise has moved one fat fin after another, while our reasoning faculties bid us see Achilles, though furious in his flight, yet suspended to everlasting just behind the beast; at once rushing like the wind, and for all that motionless. So with our progressive thinkers of to-day; their doctrine, Liberalism, declares that Democracy brings happiness and every good and perfect thing with it; their experience shows them flatly and undeniably that this is not the case. It is unnecessary for me to cite the great example of Democracy worked out under fair and free conditions; I have named the country in question in these columns *ad nauseam*; it is large enough and well known enough in all conscience. Well, there is the position: on the one hand, the dogma of the essential virtue and goodness of Democracy; on the other the evident and undeniable proof of the utter badness of Democracy. There are four apples on the table, not five. Hence that restless irritability of which I have spoken; hence that tendency to suggest that if we could only get two cocoa-nuts and add them to two other cocoa-nuts, the result would be five cocoa-nuts beyond all doubt. Or, to change the analogy, if a pint of arsenicated, "scientific" beer has produced some symptoms of uneasiness, and if a quart has made the sufferer violently ill, let us give him a gallon and thus set our noble patient up! In practice the conflict between

the theory and the facts leads sometimes to amusing results. I remember reading—it was in a Conservative paper by the way—a paragraph first of all congratulating the "Young Turks" warmly on their courage and liberality in substituting constitutional government for arbitrary tyranny, and then congratulating them even more warmly on their skill in falsifying and "cooking" the election results. This paper knew in its heart that there were only four apples, but it gallantly made believe that there were five.

And, to take another kind of practice, everybody knows that it is absolutely good that the captain should be supreme on his ship, the general over his army, and the engine-driver on his cab. There may have occurred instances in which it would have been a temporary and immediate good if an A.B. had felled the captain in the middle of the storm or the action and taken on the command; if a private soldier had put a bullet in his C.O.'s head and directed the advance; if a passenger had thrown the driver on to the line and had reversed the engine; but we all feel that these particular and momentary goods, if erected into general practice, would spell permanent and fatal evil. And it may be noted that any case of this nation or that which is democratic and yet is not come to entire ruin is to be explained by the fact that the democratic principle, supreme in theory, is modified in practice by ingenious little tricks, dodges, and conventions, similar to those practised by the Young Turks. We will put it that the captaincy of the ship is an elective office; still there is a French phrase, "*Faire les elections.*" A Frenchman of my acquaintance once told me that the Republican candidate had been "elected" in a certain district by more votes than there were voters, adding Republicans to Socialists and both to Clericals. It must be said in all fairness that several men on the Progressive side have begun to think the matter over furiously of these late years. Mr. Wells, if I remember, says that Democracy will be a grand thing—at some future period when the hearts and natures and environment of man are all completely altered. And I understand that Mr. Blatchford, an advanced thinker indeed, is feeling uneasy. Certain members of a European reigning house have recently paid a visit to a well-known democratic country, and the democratic country has excited itself very considerably. Mr. Blatchford is not pleased with this state of things. I wish he would first of all read the newspaper accounts of these transatlantic doings, and then turn his attention to Chaucer's story of how the knight and the squire and the miller and the clerk and the rest of them set out on their Canterbury Pilgrimage—and note the contrast in the two tales. In Chaucer's day society was organised as a hierarchy; that other country across the ocean is founded on the strictest democratic principles. Trees are judged by their fruits; social and political systems by their results.

Well; but why does this very deplorable state of things now exist? In other words, why are there any democrats?

Partly, I suppose, because the heart of man is corrupt and desperately wicked, partly because the head of man is infected by the venom of that serpent which, according to the Cabalists, went up as far as Daath on the Tree of Life. We are all furnished with an instrument called the Logical Understanding, and this instrument asks questions, many of which it cannot answer. At this point, if the man is well guided, the higher spirit of wisdom which is within him bids the Logical Understanding to be silent, and to refrain itself from matters which are far beyond its reach. Thus in the region of politics the Understanding—the logical faculty—asks if all men, being as men brothers, and equal in the sight of God, should not be equal in matter of government. "Why should I, the man Oliver, obey the man Charles?" "Or I, the man Robespierre, obey the man

Capet?" The answer of Wisdom to those questions is "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers; for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God." The answer is spiritual, not logical; if its command be followed, on the whole it will be well for the man and well for the nation; if not—we get the intolerable putrefaction of modern civilisation from which Socialism and Anarchy most naturally proceed. And as I have pointed out, while we find by the saddest and most concrete experience that the democratic answer to those "whys" won't work in practice, we find also that, theoretically, the principle has to be evaded at every step, so that the democratic state only survives at all by being persistently false to its own logical premises. In that country (which for once I am not going to name) they said that negroes (being men) had as good a right to a vote as the whitest of us. They tried it for a while—and then had to take refuge in "guns" and false ballot-papers and similar evasions of the major premise. So the Logical Understanding having answered the question in its own manner, has to become illogical if it is to exist at all. If it had not been for the timely use of those guns and forged votes there would have been no Logical Understandings left by now in the Southern States of a great Republic; or, I should rather say, any Logical Understandings that survived would have to be sought under a woolly pate and a black skin.

I think that I pointed out in my last journey in *THE ACADEMY* "Omnibus" that the old sayings "work," in contradistinction to the dicta of modernist pseudo-philosophy which work not at all, save in the sense of ruin and confusion and death of body, soul, and spirit. So, applying this principle to that which has become the squalid sphere of politics, you will find the whole story told in the ancient mythos of the Tree in the Garden. Here in wonderful symbolism you have the tale of the revolt of the logical understanding against high wisdom; the fall from ἀλήθεια to the γυνῶσις, from the real to the actual, from wisdom to "scientific" information. The personages in this old-world story were not content to be led by an arbitrary command which could not justify itself on rational grounds; and so the gates of the Garden closed upon them and shut them out; and so we are continually and in every imaginable sphere of life repeating the primal fall, theoretically and practically; continually finding out to our horror and amazement, firstly, that the "logic" which was our guide and day-star has become quite madly illogical, and, secondly, that in sheer, hard, material practice the results of it are wholly vile and detestable and ridiculous. We have refused the Wine of the Angels, and we cannot get a decent glass of beer. We have asked the question: "Drains or dogmas?" and we have got that extraordinary product, the L.C.C. schoolboy, whose efforts to indite the simplest business letter are at once the despair and the amazed amusement of his employer.

Well; and what is the true way? I will indicate it by another of the old sayings which tells us that there is truth in wine, ἐν οἶνῳ ἀλήθεια. To this common and well-worn proverb there is an outer sense; it is usually taken to mean that a boastful man will be more boastful in his cups, that a man whose tendency is to quarrel will become violently quarrelsome after "dining." But there is an inner and more important meaning, which was perhaps imparted to the initiates of the Dionysiac mysteries; and this teaches us that wine is a symbol for rapture and ecstasy, for that illuminated joy that comes from the contemplation of high and pure beauty. Keats equated beauty with truth; and it would be an insult to Keats to declare that there is more wisdom in this saying than in all the works of the late Mr. Herbert Spencer. And starting from this great dogma of our Cockney poet we may go on our way and deduce the secondary proposition that the only path to Truth is by the road of Beauty. And here is the key to the Lost Garden.

REVIEWS

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE THEME

Emblems of Love. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

For Lovers and Others. By JAMES TERRY WHITE. (F. A. Stokes Co., New York. \$1.25 net.)

ONE of the supreme tests of a poet is his ability to deal with love. It is essentially the poet's theme, yet how few of our modern lyrists infuse force or freshness into it! When, therefore, we come upon one who is as startlingly successful as Mr. Abercrombie it behoves us to give thanks. It must be said at once without any reserve that Mr. Abercrombie is a great poet. If "*Emblems of Love*" were his sole achievement, it would suffice to place him in the very front rank. We shall not say much about the merely technical aspect of this work. Most of it is in blank verse; but the author gives us a hint of what he can do in the successful spondee of his opening "*Hymn to Love*." Of the blank verse itself he has made an instrument of rich and various tones. Often it is rugged, but never prosy. Sometimes it suggests Browning; then one of the great Elizabethans; generally, however, it is just Mr. Abercrombie. There is no lack of the precious quality of individuality; this, indeed, is its chief characteristic. A personality of rare power pervades all these lines.

It is when we examine the intellectual and emotional qualities of this book that our wonder is aroused. Recent years have brought forth few successful poems of considerable length. For one epic we have had a hundred volumes of lyrics; and while the perfect lyric is by no means to be despised, the great poet must be capable of more sustained effort. To take so hackneyed a theme as the one Mr. Abercrombie has chosen and to carry it triumphantly through 213 pages is in itself a witness to his strength. Moreover, he emerges unscathed from a test that few poets can survive—the taking of a half-dozen lines at random anywhere in his volume: almost any half-dozen will demonstrate some aspect of his art. Thus we are sure that with him poetry is no affectation, but the natural expression of a poetic personality.

The book is divided into three main portions. After the introductory "*Hymn to Love*" we have Part I, "*Discovery and Prophecy*," consisting of a Prelude and a highly-wrought setting of the story of Vashti. Part II, "*Imperfection*," contains "*Three Girls in Love*," imaginary episodes from the Rebellion of the Pretender in 1745. "*Virginity and Perfection*" is the title of Part III, under which head are included a dramatic rendering of the story of Judith, and a remarkable conversation between an ideal couple, which is sub-titled "*The Eternal Wedding*." A "*Marriage Song*" and an "*Epilogue*" bring the work to a close. If any adverse criticism of it as a whole be made, it will be directed chiefly at the somewhat incongruous choice of subjects. The "*Rebellion*" episodes seem somehow out of harmony with the Oriental and often exotic splendour of Parts I. and III. We would not complain along these lines if Mr. Abercrombie's volume were intended to present a loosely-strung series of poems; he has so evidently set out to give a developed exposition of the doctrine of love that we might expect him to have made his work a finer artistic whole. He has, however, more than atoned for this by the magnificent way in which he has dealt with his material. As an example of what he can do in the way of fine phrasing, take the speech of Holofernes in the Judith section:—

Night and her admirable stars again!
And I again envying her and questioning!

What hast thou, Night, achieved, denied to me,
That maketh thee so full of quiet stars?
What beauty has been mingled into thee
So that thy depth burns with the peace of stars?—
I now with fires of uproarious heat,
Exclaiming yellow flames and towering splendour
And a huge fragrant smoke of precious woods,
Must build against thy overlooking, Stars,
And against thy terrible eternal news
Of Beauty that burns quietly and pure,
A lodge of wild extravagant earthly fire;
Even as under passions of fleshly pleasure
I hide myself from my desiring soul.

Many extracts such as the above could be made.

The doctrine of love which Mr. Abercrombie here sets forth with such a wealth of imagery is free alike from asceticism and from sensuality. He is not satisfied with any thin Platonic affection on the one hand, nor with mere revelling animalism on the other. Love for him means an ideal union of all the powers, earthly and spiritual, resulting in a new organism, which rejoices in both its identification and its differentiation. There are no didactic passages in the poem, its didacticism being of a kind that is writ large over the whole, and that is inseparable from its texture. Something of the strength of the conceptions may be gathered from the following lines taken from a soliloquy by Judith:—

But the pure in the world are mastery.
Divinely do I know, when life is clean,
How like a noble shape of golden glass
The passions of the body, powers of the mind,
Chalice the sweet immortal wine of soul,
That, as a purple fragrance dwells in air
From vintage poured, fills the corrupting world
With its own savour.

And something of his conclusions concerning love itself is shown in this passage at the end of the last section:—

Now what was prophecy in us is made
Fulfilment: we are the hour and we are the joy,
We in our marvellousness of single knowledge,
Of Spirit breaking down the room of fate
And drawing into his light the greeting fire
Of God,—God known in ecstasy of love
Wedding himself to utterance of himself.

In this volume our English poetry seems to have escaped at last from that puling pessimism under which it has suffered so long.

When we turn to the work of Mr. J. T. White we find ourselves at once in a very different atmosphere. Perhaps it is hardly fair to couple "For Lovers and Others" with "Emblems of Love," since almost any modern verse seems pale and ineffectual beside Mr. Abercrombie's work. The latter appears in a glory of rich and rare language, while the former is presented in a glory of printer's ink. This does not exactly represent the difference between them, but it goes some distance in that direction. One does not often in a review feel called upon to mention the appearance of the book first, but "For Lovers and Others" is so ornate and unusual in its get-up that this demands a few words. Each lyric is printed on a design of clouds which are variously tinted to represent the phases of the day from dawn to sunset. As if to compensate for this gorgeousness, and for the somewhat Oriental designs of the cover and title-page, we note an extraordinary number of what we suppose are printer's errors. The services of the proof-reader are needed on pages 38, 45, 72, 121, 122, 125, 129, 130, 131, and 132. We would not have mentioned such trivialities if the book had not so evidently been intended as a triumph of the printer's art. The verse itself is of the suave,

graceful kind, of unimpeachable morals, which is most suitable for the sentimental gift-book. At his worst Mr. White reminds us of a "Dagonet" ballad, and at his best he can write such a lyric as this:—

If thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves—sell one, and with the dole
Buy Hyacinths to feed thy soul.

But not alone does beauty hide
Where bloom and tint and fragrance hide;
The Minstrel's melody may feed
Perhaps a more insistent need.

But even Beauty—howe'er blent
To ear or eye—fails to content;
Only the Heart—with Love afire—
Can satisfy the soul's desire.

Which is really very creditable verse. Mr. White has evidently done something to deserve his popularity in America. Some of his notes display a singular *naïveté*; surely a poet should give his readers credit for possessing some knowledge of poetical forms! The book will, however, charm and please the taste of the not too exacting recipient.

OLDEN CENTURIES IN NORTHERN AFRICA

Twixt Sand and Sea. By CYRIL F. GRANT and L. GRANT.
Illustrated. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. 21s. net.)

SOME few romances (in addition to the translation of Flaubert, "Salammbô") have been written in English around the history of ancient Carthage; but, with the exception of the pages of Roman history dealing with the Punic wars, which we remember with an aversion rooted by schoolday impositions and troubles of like nature, we recall no attempt at a thorough and precise history of Carthaginian civilisation. The authors of this book, however, have compressed the eventful story into less than a hundred pages, and have given a spirited account of the city which, lacking a second Hannibal—whom, by the way, its inhabitants did not deserve after their treatment of the first—fell before the military genius of Rome and was wiped from off the face of the earth by the instigators of Roman colonial policy.

All this, we are well aware, is history of a very ancient order, but in the book before us is ample ground for the retelling of so great a story, and the manner of its relation enhances its undoubted interest. The might of Hannibal and the genius which he, a possible world-conquerer, displayed; the skill with which Scipio ended a siege rivalling that of Jerusalem for magnitude and cheapness of human life; the far-sighted policy of Rome, and the lack of fitness for supremacy which cankered the heart of Carthaginian government—these things are placed before us in a way which gives them new significance, and weights the truism that the world's oldest stories are its best.

Very skilfully, too, is the moral pointed that conquest leads to conquest, and that the Roman Empire grew perforce at times:—

There were wild Imperialists and timid Little Romans.
When Hannibal was defeated at Zama, questions were
asked in the Senate as to the value of Carthage if they
annexed it. On the fall of Carthage, there were not

wanting politicians who were for withdrawing the troops and leaving Africa to itself.

Parallels in modern—very modern—history are not wanting, and the moral is easy of application.

The remainder of the book's first and greater part is nearly all occupied by a comprehensive summary of North African history, telling how Rome conquered, occupied, and was overthrown; how that empire of the East, which fell with Constantinople before Mohammedan arms, made and held and lost a foothold; how Moslem and Berber fanatics, Moors and Knights of St. John, Spaniards and Normans made of historic facts a never-resting, kaleidoscopic drama of slaughter and passing supremacy, and, since human blood is but a poor fertilising agent in the long run, how the great granary of the Roman Empire has been made desert and unproductive. The authors blame Islam, but surely the first blight on North African fertility came with the first fall of Carthage, long before Mahomet appeared to lay a foundation for the two-and-seventy jarring sects. Or is it three-and-seventy, as the authors of this book state? Was Fitzgerald mistaken in the number when he translated that quatrain of Omar?

Though the story of this book's "Part I." is of unbroken interest to its end, some of its charm vanishes with the Pœni and Elissar's city—the authors have invested the history of old Carthage with a glamour that recalls the wonderful books we read in our schooldays—the books which no adult is ever able to find. Though the history of succeeding conquests is well told, the intimate and feeling relation which tells of heart and sympathy given utterly to the story is missing—it passes with the Pœni.

"Mystery broods over North Africa," the authors conclude. In their work is reproduced the fascination attendant on mystery, the glamour of the desert, and the interest which must attach to a land that has seen so many kingdoms rise and fall within its borders. We know of no preceding work which covers this ground in so comprehensive and intimate a manner, providing at once a history, an archaeological guide of more than superficial value, and (in Part II.) a series of pen-pictures which portray North Africa of to-day—not as the passing tourist sees it with the help of guide-books and locally-coloured novels, but as it is to its own people. This past year has witnessed a record output of travel books and volumes compiled, apparently, merely for the sake of authorship, but here is a work of standard value and importance, a record which treats its subject ably, spiritedly, and with conscientious thoroughness. "Twixt Land and Sea" is one of the few really important books of the year, a refreshing change from the multitudes of biographies of unimportant folk which have acquired a vogue recently, and, to venture a prophecy, a work which will make for itself a permanent place in English literature.

A HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND

Sport on the Nilgiris and in Wynaad. By F. W. F. FLETCHER.
(Macmillan and Co. 12s. net.)

THERE is a monotony of incident about many books on Indian *shikar* that is apt to pall on the general reader. The slaying of one tiger does not differ much from the slaying of another tiger, and, without a special setting and judicious handling, such books have only a brief existence. Only once in a way do we get books that may be regarded as the classics of Indian sport, such as Baldwin's "Large and Small Game of Bengal," Forsyth's "Highlands of Central India," and Sanderson's "Thirteen Years Among the Wild Beasts of India." In every way worthy to be classed with

those we have named is Mr. Fletcher's work on the Nilgiris and the wild animals that help to make the Blue Mountains a sportsman's paradise—a tract of country of which no account has been given to the world, from the sportsman's point of view, except in a few fleeting and fragmentary sketches.

Mr. Fletcher opens his work by giving us a welcome and useful account of the neighbourhood in which he has spent sixteen of the happiest years of his life, and we are told that it is the only part of India without a history before the nineteenth century. The many storms of invasion and war, that have swept through India from time immemorial, have left the hilly broken plateau of the Nilgiris untouched; save for an ineffective mission of discovery sent up in 1602 by the Roman Catholic Bishop of San Thomé, the Nilgiris remained unknown to the outer world till after the fall of Tippoo Sahib's kingdom in 1799. The real history of the Nilgiris dates from the visit of Mr. Sullivan, the Collector of Coimbatore, in January, 1819. He was so struck with the beauty of the scenery and the salubrity of the climate, that four months later he repeated his visit, and, in the following year, built the first house, in Ootacamund, which now does duty as a Government office. Coffee-planting was introduced into Wynaad in 1828, and eleven years later into the Nilgiris, to be followed in due course by tea and cinchona. Then came the disastrous gold boom of thirty years ago, when the planters' estates were bought up and ruined, in the mad craze for gold that did not exist; and South-east Wynaad became a more desolate wilderness than it had been before the foot of a European had trodden it:—

Here and there, on some commanding hill-top, a lichen-covered chimney rises above the tangle of lantana—sole relics of the bungalows occupied by the cheery, hospitable planters in days of yore, when coffee was king. I greatly doubt whether anywhere else in India a scene of such utter desolation could be found as is presented by this part of South-east Wynaad—this wilderness made by the abortive search after gold.

Like the king, who "loved the tall deer as if he was their father," Mr. Fletcher writes of the wild animals he pursued rather in the spirit of a lover of natural history than a triumphant foe. In the true spirit of a sportsman he writes:—

Mere killing is not sport: the real charm lies in the feeling that you have pitted your reason against the quarry's instinct, and won the equal fight; that the trophy is the reward of your own skill.

This is the keynote of the book. Here speaks the true sportsman. In these days, when the chief idea of sport seems to lie in making a "record," it is well to be reminded what the essence of true sport consists in. Though he devotes two chapters, full of interest and careful observation, to the elephant, he can tell us of only one tusk that fell to his rifle "in his unregenerate days." Often since that memorable day he has crept up to a tusk and amused himself with planting imaginary bullets in its brain, but without pulling trigger. Mr. Fletcher gives the elephant credit for more sagacity than Sanderson has done, but he insists almost too much on its timid and inoffensive nature, rogues always excepted. This is hardly consistent with the terror of elephants evinced by junglemen "who laughed at the charge of a bison, or followed a wounded tiger without hesitation." On one occasion Mr. Fletcher was fortunate enough to witness a battle royal between a rogue and two herd elephants, resulting in the rogue's defeat and death. His description of a charging tusk, founded on his own experience, is worth reproducing:—

The grand head is held high; the trunk is curled between the gleaming tusks; the mighty bulk comes on with

surprising swiftness; the whole performance impresses one with a sense of relentless, irresistible power.

Mr. Fletcher dismisses the question of *must* in elephants as an insoluble problem, and gives reasons for disbelieving that it has its origin in sexual causes. There appears to be no good information as to elephants in a wild state being subject to attacks of *must*, though Sanderson noted that he had twice seen newly-caught female elephants in that condition. Is it possible that *must* is induced by particular food? It is well known that mahouts sometimes feed their charges on heating food to bring them into a state of *must*.

The range of the Nilgiri wild goat, the so-called ibex, is so restricted that few Indian sportsmen have had the chance of adding him to their bag. It is satisfactory to know that measures have been taken by Government to limit the number that may be killed. Mr. Fletcher's account of stalking in the Kunds is the best yet written of the pursuit of the saddle-backs. His description of netting and spearing tigers by the natives fills one with admiration for their pluck, and one's heart goes out to the villagers who tried to mislead the author as to the whereabouts of the big panther, in order that they might have the *tamasha* of spearing the beast themselves. It is somewhat surprising to find so careful an observer as Mr. Fletcher a believer in the existence of 12ft. tigers. Space will not permit of making more than mention of the accounts of bison, bears, sambur, and the smaller animals, but there is not a dull chapter in the book. Its great charm consists in the true sporting spirit in which it is written, and in the author's love of Nature and scenery that peeps out in every page. A book of this description awakens the reflection of how great is the value to the nation of the love of sport so deeply engrained in our people. A good sportsman, in the true sense of the word, is always a good fellow and a reliable friend. The words of Gibbon are as true now as when they were written:—

Where there is danger there may be glory; and the mode of hunting which opens the fairest field to the exertions of valour may justly be considered as the image and as the school of war. To employ against a human enemy the same patience and valour, the same skill and discipline, is the only alteration which is required in real war; and the amusements of the chase serve as a prelude to the conquest of an empire. Men study in this practical school the most important lesson of the military art—the prompt and accurate judgment of ground, of distance, and of time.

There is a good map of the Nilgiris and Nilgiris Wynaad district, and the illustrations are all that could be desired. The only one to which exception might be taken is that of the wild dog. The tail is certainly too long, and the muzzle appears sharper than it ought to be.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT AND EGYPT

Gordon at Khartoum: Being a Personal Narrative of Events in Continuation of "A Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt." By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. (Stephen Swift and Co. 15s. net.)

MR. WILFRID BLUNT is perhaps not quite so well known to the present generation as he was to the last, and there are probably many cultured students of current affairs to whom his name is not even a tradition. To all of these, whatever their outlook in politics, as well as to those members of the old generation to whom the name of Mr. Blunt is still familiar, the present volume will come as a most welcome gift. The author had very few sympathisers at the period of which he writes, and has probably less to-day, for the politics of the

early 'eighties have by now crystallised into history, and the agitations and intrigues which centred around the British occupation of Egypt and the war with the Mahdi are now but topics for academic discussion. But even if these matters belong entirely to the past Mr. Blunt has managed to vivify them for his readers, and in reintroducing them he will arouse an intense interest, the pleasure attached to which must more than compensate him for his task. The present volume consists for the most part of extracts from the diary kept by the author at the period of which he writes. It deals almost entirely with Egyptian affairs, but there are many other matters of great general interest touched upon in it.

Mr. Blunt, of course, was and is intimately acquainted with many by whom history has been and is being made, and frequent were the conversations with distinguished statesmen and diplomatists recorded in his diary, and many the secret negotiations on matters of much political importance described therein. These alone, serving to some extent as a secret history of English politics during the years 1882 to 1885, would make the interest of the volume supreme. To numbers, moreover, who care little for the dead and gone public questions of those years, the remarkably frank judgments on men still living or but recently dead will prove an incentive to appreciation of Mr. Blunt's work, and this feature, added to a similar one in Mr. Blunt's previous writings, will create a strong demand for the sequel which is already promised for some later day.

The book as a whole is a record of a failure; and the hold which it has on the reader from the first page to last is therefore all the more remarkable. The average reader is averse to reading of failures. He or she prefers successes, in fiction as well as in biography. Mr. Blunt was a violent opponent of the English policy in Egypt. He worked by no underhand means. He concealed from no one this hostility. He avowed it openly. He yielded to no influence even to the extent of moderating the bitterness of his opposition. He honestly believed that the action of England in North Africa was unjust and cruel, and did his utmost to oppose it, even going to the length of hoping and praying fervently that England should be involved in war with Russia or some other European Power, so as to be compelled to loosen her grip on the Nile Valley. In the occupation he saw nothing but evil. To him the Mahdi was a warrior-saint, and every skirmish in which the English suffered was hailed by him with peans of delight. From this statement, unfortified by quotations of which scores can be furnished, it can be seen what little popularity can have been his share, and how slight must inevitably have been his real influence. Mr. Blunt, from our point of view entirely mistaken, was far too straightforward for his purpose. It is this transparent honesty which shines through every page of the book, and although the doctrines it teaches are, for the most part, so detestable as far as the matter is concerned, and tempt the reader to cast the book away after a few pages have been read, it is so obviously written from the heart that the reader gives his sympathy and friendly feeling to the writer, albeit retaining undiminished his hostility to the statesman. Impatient of the views, but attracted by the man, the reader continues absorbed in interest until the end.

No review, no matter what its terms, can give any real indication of the sensational political disclosures and the deliberate indiscretions with which this volume is packed from cover to cover. Other writers, if they ever wish such a diary to be published, would probably postpone publication until after their death, or at any rate, if they publish earlier, refrain from mentioning by name many of those concerning whom disclosures are made. It is not sufficient that Mr. Blunt denounces General Gordon as a madman,

and Colonel Fred Burnaby as "a mere butcher," with "the most evil countenance one can imagine." Lord Cromer comes in for the most scathing criticism. Of the Fourth Party we are told that "Randolph was becoming more unscrupulous than ever, and Gorst was still worse. . . . Wolff is the only honest one of the lot." There are many other similar criticisms which must almost make the hair of highly respectable, conventional Parliamentarians and officials stand on end. For instance, much of the early Egyptian policy of the 1880 Government was due to the fact that Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary, was a poor man, in debt, and dependent on his salary. Whatever was decided he had therefore to agree to, for he could not afford to resign. Hicks Pasha was deliberately sent to his doom, as an English officer obnoxious to the plans of the Khedive Tewfik and his advisers. Gordon is suspected of being "as great a diplomatic rogue as those who sent him" to Khartoum. Of Lord Wolseley "I should like best to see him hanged." In these terms Mr. Blunt writes thus of his enemies and opponents, but he is hardly more kind to his friends. Lord Morley, for instance, will hardly be grateful to him for the report of a conversation, in which he is made to say that—

Chamberlain is the man of the future—a true Radical and one who would never change. . . . Dilke was only a sham Radical; Dilke was too much a man of the world, wanted to please everybody; he . . . would be merged in Chamberlain's individuality. . . . Salisbury would be a great force if he was in the House of Commons; he would like to abolish the House of Lords so as to get into the other House. . . . For Granville Morley has a "supreme contempt"—he can find no other word." (A couple of years later they were colleagues in the same Cabinet.)

On Mr. W. T. Stead, his successor in the chair at the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, we learn, Lord Morley looked "as a political quack." We wonder how Lord Morley will feel towards Mr. Blunt when he reads these passages.

Lord Randolph Churchill was another of Mr. Blunt's friends. Of him we are told that he was a Home Ruler when he went into office in 1885, and an advocate of the evacuation of Egypt and the final abandonment of the Soudan. When asked what his political faith, Tory democracy, really was, he replied, "That is a question I am always in a fright lest some one should put it to me publicly. To tell the truth I don't know myself what Tory Democracy is. But I believe it is principally opportunism." Lord Randolph is also reported to have been in favour of import duties on manufactured goods. King Edward, at the time still Prince of Wales, also does not escape from Mr. Blunt's revelations. It is suggested that he was in sympathy with the Home Rule movement, but it is stated more definitely that he disapproved of the action of the House of Lords and the Conservative Party over the Reform Bill in 1884, fearing that the agitation against the House of Lords might involve the throne in danger. To counteract that threatened danger he attended—incognito, of course—a Hyde Park meeting on the subject, and followed that action by visits to the Radicals of Sheffield and Newcastle.

The qualifications of the author, apart from his capacity for making himself interesting whatever his material, may be summed up in the following short passage from his Preface:—

My personal position while the chief tragedy of the time, Gordon's fatal mission to Khartoum, was being enacted was one singularly advantageous for my present purpose of accurate narration. Occupying no official post, I nevertheless found myself a deeply interested spectator behind the official scenes in London, as well as behind those of the

Oriental world, and from time to time playing a small part myself in the drama, close enough to the chief personages to observe the details of their action, and in near view of the machinery used for their stage effects.

There is much more of absorbing interest which could be quoted from this volume if only space permitted, but no amount of quotation is satisfactory, for the book must be read as a whole, and our final judgment is to recommend all our readers to do so.

THE COLLECTOR

The A B C of Japanese Art. By J. F. BLACKER. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

SUCH a book as this sets one thinking. The writer has set out, not, as might be expected, to write about Japanese art, but on the *rationale* of collecting it, which is a very different thing. It is perfectly possible, and in the majority of cases we imagine that collectors have achieved that possibility, to collect objects of one kind and another, under the influence of no higher prompting than that of possessing what other people either have not obtained or cannot afford to obtain. All who have had any opportunity of seeing the principles upon which great collections, so-called, are gathered together will note how extraordinarily incongruous are the collections and collectors in many, perhaps the majority, of cases. We recall an instance within our own knowledge in which a gentleman who made a sudden "pile" on the Stock Exchange, having bought "a place" in which to live up to his new dignities, commissioned a well-known art-dealer to get together a collection for him up to a limit of £50,000. When by a turn of fortune's wheel this gentleman lost heavily on his investments, he commissioned the same dealer to dispose of his collection, and the art world rang for a while with talk of the great Midas collection and the extraordinary taste and judgment of the collector. The collector himself is still "going it strong," as the phrase is, and we have never heard that the loss of his collection has made the slightest appreciable difference to his *joie de vivre*. His case is only one of many. The true collector—that is, the man who collects for love of the objects which he acquires, and with a real appreciation and enjoyment of them—is very rare indeed, and for this reason, that the man of really artistic tastes is very seldom a good bargainer. And so we have as another of the bitter ironies of life that the man who is best fitted to possess such treasures is not often in a position to acquire them, and that the man whose touch of such things is desecration is just the one who gathers them in wholesale for his own personal notoriety. The phenomenon is not so new as some are inclined to think, but it is unquestionable that the present age displays it in an aggravated form.

However, if there must be collectors, they will be none the worse for a little expert guidance, and that is just what Mr. Blacker supplies to the rash man who thinks that he might as well collect objects of Japanese art as anything else. To appreciate Japanese art at all, the Englishman has to go a long way towards denationalising himself. It is a truism that the East and the West look at everything through different eyes, but it is a truism that is very little appreciated in practice. The truth is, that in nearly every interest in life, including that of art, the European and the Oriental start from almost opposite standpoints. The European sees colour in rich masses, harmonious if you will, but always forcible and standing out from a background of mystery; the Japanese on the contrary sees only delicately graded tints, shimmering in the warm air of a sub-tropical country, and he expresses them, not with the

bodily strength to be derived from the oil medium, but with fair transparencies of water-colour, and that laid on two or three tones more lightly than any English water-colourist of these days would use. His lights and his shadows are softly blended, and seldom sharply contrasted; in fact it would be more true to say that he recognises no shadows at all. The European artist crowds his canvas with detail or the suggestion of detail, and in the same profusion, so far as he can achieve it, as that of Nature; the Japanese, on the contrary, is selective; he is so impressed by the beauty of individual objects that he devotes himself to the expression of a few only of these, and ignores the great mass of colour and detail in which they are set. Thus his art is in a certain sense unnatural, but in another sense it is perhaps ultra-natural, inasmuch as it brings before the beholder—

Those more subtle gladnesses that fall
Unnoticed by the crowd that sways and swings,
Driven by desire of wealth with ceaseless stings.

So far as the artist acts as an inspired revealer of these things he is a true artist, and is not a mere trifler with insignificant detail. There is another side, however, to Japanese art, and that is the cult of the humorous and grotesque, in which it is generally supposed to excel. For ourselves, we cannot so greatly admire this aspect of it; but it has, like all true art, an infinity of gradations, and in some of these it displays that subtly sympathetic under-touch which is the sure hall-mark of genius and humour.

To return, however, to Mr. Blacker, whose book is certainly thorough in its way; he at all events knows his subject. And his knowledge of it is shown, as all such knowledge must be, rather by his allusiveness, between the lines as it were, than by the bold and definite instructions which he gives to the would-be collector who is that and nothing more. The historical sketch which opens the book connecting Japanese art with Japanese history and religion is very good reading. Even more to the point are his remarks upon that much misunderstood garment the *kimono*, as it is worn in England. This only supplies another to the myriad instances, known to all who have lived in the East, of the hopelessness of bringing home to European readers, especially if they are women, the wholly different attitude of the East towards the entire woman question from that which obtains over here. But there is no reason why our ladies should not understand, for instance, the fact that to wear "a halo of long pins in their hair" or to tie the sashes over their *kimonos* in front, or to have embroidery upon their *kimonos*, are in Japan the badges of a class which is not mentioned in polite European society. There is a right way to wear the *kimono* as anything else, and there is no reason why, if our ladies must wear it, they should not do so as Japanese ladies would, instead of getting themselves up like the hired beauties of the Yoshiwara. Another useful warning is that against the modern Japanese colour-print, printed on poor paper and coloured with latter-day German pigments of an aniline and perishable sort. It is one of the saddest features of the modern industrial advance of Germany that it is due in so large a measure to the production of cheap meretricious imitations of this and other exquisite arts of the East, which it has swamped and is fast destroying by these abominations. However, as Mr. Blacker points out, if a man must collect, he had better qualify in a few elementary matters to do so without being taken in, and this is indeed the main use of his book. From this point of view his work is conscientiously done, and his book is one to be commended. For a deeper knowledge of the spirit and the interpretation of Japanese art one must go to such works as those of Mr. Binyon. But on a lower plane, by which we mean no disparagement, Mr. Blacker's volume will serve.

THE UNIVERSAL RACES CONGRESS

Papers on Inter-Racial Problems. Edited by G. SPILLER,
Hon. Organiser of the Congress. (P. S. King and
Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS "Record of the Proceedings of the First Universal Races Congress" held at the University of London last July is the collection of "Papers on Inter-Racial Problems" which were prepared beforehand, communicated to the Congress, taken at the time as read, and have been published, edited by the honorary organiser of the Congress. It is a volume which cannot be reviewed by any ordinary method, as the papers, numbering about sixty, deal more or less exhaustively with the deepest questions affecting civilised and uncivilised life, which have long formed subjects of scientific discussion and are here summarised in the opinions expressed by the individual authors. A mere enumeration of the grouping of the papers under the eight Sessions of the Congress indicates the comprehensive character of their contents. They were divided into Fundamental Considerations, Conditions of Progress (General and Special Problems), Inter-racial Economics, Peaceful Contact between Civilisations, The Modern Conscience in Relation to Racial Questions, both General and concerning the Negro and the American Indian, closing with Positive Suggestions for Promoting Inter-racial Friendliness. A glance at them shows that they cover the whole field of thought on the relations of the races of the world, in times past, present, and future, to the consideration of which great labour, knowledge, and sympathy have been devoted. The object of the Congress was to promote the brotherhood of humanity, by the furtherance of International Good Will and Peace as the highest of all human interests.

The dream of International Peace, it has been said, brooded over the Congress throughout. To attain this object discussion was invited, in the light of science and the modern conscience, on the general relations subsisting between the so-called white and the so-called coloured peoples, with a view to encouraging between them a fuller understanding, the most friendly feelings and a heartier co-operation. Among the subjects discussed were, for instance, anthropology, ethnology, sociology, the positions of some of the great nations (as stated by their own representatives), trade, finance, labour, agriculture, the Press, literature, science and art, missions, international law, treaties, conferences, &c., written, speaking generally, by specialists.

Among the papers is one on "The Present Position of Woman," by Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita), lately deceased, who had long made a personal study of the life of the Indian home, which she idealised. The opinions expressed by the writers in the volume are personal, and do not in any way commit the members of the Congress. This reservation was necessary, as many present would not have submitted to the views that "No Hague Conferences, no International Tribunals, no international papers and peace societies, and no Esperanto, or other international language, will ever be able to abolish war. The respect due by the white races to other races and by the white races to each other can never be too great, but natural law will never allow racial barriers to fall, and even national boundaries will never cease to exist." The whole volume is a storehouse of ideas, and of information which it would be difficult to find elsewhere so well stated; the papers on the Jewish Race, and the Negroes in the United States are cases in point. The bibliography appended is also valuable. On the practical results of the First Universal Races Congress it is impossible to pronounce anything like a definite judgment; such results cannot be forced, nor can they be measured by any standard, political or social. But the ideas disseminated at the Congress and

by its many members must bear fruit in time in the direction of toleration, goodwill, peace, the brotherhood of humanity; and for this purpose this volume of the papers considered in July forms a valuable record of the efforts of the Congress, which did not meet and hold its sessions in vain.

A PAST GLORY

The Glory that was Greece. By J. C. STOBART, M.A.
(Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s. net.)

THIS sumptuous book, as its sub-title indicates, is a survey of Hellenic culture and civilisation, beginning with Ægean civilisation and the Heroic Age, passing through the period of transition to the famous Attic Age till the close of Athens' greatness, when Alexandria and Rome supplanted her as the centres of the world's thought.

Mr. Stobart's enthusiasm will not allow so early a date as the fourth century B.C. to the beginning of decadence. In some respects he may be right. But throughout Greece the age which followed the time of the despots was in literature decidedly an age of decline—witness, for example, the almost complete decay of lyric poetry, the period of the New Comedy, and of Epicurus and Menander. But it is not necessary to subject a book of this kind to minute criticism. Suffice it to say that here the general reader will find a delightful account of Grecian archaeology, art, and culture with just as much historical treatment as is required.

The romantic story of Ægean civilisation is largely based on the wonderful discoveries of Sir A. J. Evans at Cnossus, Crete being the centre of influence. Mr. Stobart regards the subsequent Heroic Age portrayed in Homer as that of a lower civilisation, belonging to barbarian invaders from the North. But there is not sufficient evidence for rejecting the view that the Homeric chieftains simply inherited the power and wealth established originally by the enlightened despotism of Semitic merchant princes, whom they gradually dispossessed.

The chapter on the Ages of Transition is illustrated by good examples of the gradual development of art, and then we are launched on the fifth or "Grand Century" and the rise of Athens:—

Never in all the world's history was there such a leap of civilisation as in Greece of the fifth century . . . when one Athenian family might have known Miltiades, Themistocles, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, Pheidias, Pericles, Anaxagoras, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Polygnotus, and Ictinus.

Here indeed is a glorious galaxy of talent, and the story of this period is admirably and enthusiastically told. In oft-described ancient Athens is pre-eminently the "glory that was Greece." In the mind of the lover of art Athens stands out to-day in bold relief of splendour, as when Pausanias described her beauty in his famous "Itinerary." Mr. Stobart's description is picturesque and striking, illuminated by many well-chosen literary references and touches of social life. Athens more or less, occupies the rest of the book through the fourth century and the Macedonian epoch.

Of the illustrations in this book we cannot speak too highly. There are upwards of ninety full-page plates, all beautifully executed, besides pictures in the text, tracing the progress of art from the early Minerva age to the finest examples of the later Attic period. Those who love Greece, but do not know the Greek language, will delight in this charming work. For such it appears largely to be written. But we are optimistic enough to disagree with the writer when he says that "the Greek language has now, probably

for ever, lost its place in the curriculum of secondary education for the greater part of our people." We are of those who differ from the so called "reformers" in Oxford, and who believe and hope that the true reform will be found in a new renaissance of revised classical study rather than in concession to modern pseudo-progressive materialism.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Moving Pictures: How they are Made and Worked. By
FREDERICK A. TALBOT. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

THE spell of the "moving picture" has cast itself over town and village in almost all the countries of the world, and most people have probably wondered, at some time or another, how the stirring scenes, the "accidents," the ravenous microbes, the thousand astonishing subjects which are presented daily and nightly, were photographed and reproduced with such marvellous effect. They need only purchase this book, which is a revelation as to the extent of the cinematograph industry and its progress, to be wholly satisfied.

Beginning with the history of moving pictures, Mr. Talbot shows us some of the heart-breaking difficulties with which those who first investigated and experimented had to contend, and pays eloquent praise to the name of Mr. Robert Paul, who spent endless energies and a fine perseverance in the quest. "About three o'clock one morning," says the author, "in the early months of 1895, the quietness of Hatton Garden was disturbed by loud and prolonged shouts:—"

The police rushed hurriedly to the building whence the cries proceeded, and found Paul and his colleagues in their workshop, giving vent to whole-hearted exuberance of triumph. They had just succeeded in throwing the first perfect animated pictures upon a screen. To compensate the police for their fruitless investigation, the film, which was 40ft. in length and produced a picture 7ft. square, was run through the special lantern for their edification. They regarded the strange spectacle as ample compensation, and had the satisfaction of being the first members of the public to see moving pictures thrown upon the screen.

The first public demonstration took place in 1896, and, after being shown under the distinguished patronage of the Royal Institution, the interest animated photography created was universal. Since then France and America, with England, have found that it meant work for thousands of men; some of the figures Mr. Talbot gives are simply surprising.

The most fascinating part of the book to the ordinary reader will undoubtedly be the chapters which explain, in perfectly clear language, the methods by which the pictures are taken. Whole theatrical companies are engaged in performing plays written specially for this uncanny machine, and upon consideration it appears evident that even a fine actor on the ordinary stage may be almost useless when required to express everything in dumb show. He must cultivate a special aspect of his art to perfection before he can be available. And as to the "tricks"—the accidents, the house that flies together from a heap of rubbish, the sprites and fairies that appear magically in smoke and vanish as though they were beings veritably from another world—the book must be read to appreciate thoroughly how far human ingenuity can go.

We have thoroughly enjoyed this volume, and not a small part of our pleasure was derived from the many excellent illustrations which it contains.

Scottish Life and Character in Anecdote and Story. By WILLIAM HARVEY, F.S.A. Illustrations by Erskine Nicol, R.S.A., and others. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 5s. net.)

HERE is the raw material for a scientific estimate of both Scottish humour and Scottish character. Some future psychologist in those realms should find this book quite valuable. It is arranged so as to display the salient features of Scottish character, and is not a mere hotch-potch of jokes. For the general reader it will be one of the best books for odd moments that could be desired. We advise the purchase of it by folk who are of a despondent turn of mind, since it will be worth much more than five shillings to them as medicine; but to the *raconteur* the book will be beyond price, for it will enable him to keep fresh and to enhance his reputation. The two following stories are chosen almost at random:—

One day a minister, on going home from a meeting, met one of his elders "very fou." "Dear me, John," he exclaimed, "how did you get in this state?" "Oh! minister," replied John, "it's a' due to thae Communion-cards." "What!" cried the minister; "you don't mean to say you have been delivering your cards in that state?" "Oh! no," said John; "but the folks were a' that kind in offering me a drop that I was dune for afore I kent where I was." "But surely every one did not offer you drink?" continued the preacher. "Are there no teetotallers in your district?" "Oh, ay," answered the elder, "plenty of them; but I send theirs by post!"

In about a week after being married, Donald, a Highland servant of somewhat limited ideas, paid the minister a visit, and asked him if he would undo the knot, as the wife was "waur nor the de'il!" "How do you make that out?" asked the divine. "Weel," said Donald, "you say if you resist the de'il he'll flee frae ye; but if you resist her she'll flee at ye!"

A feature of the book is its well-printed coloured illustrations. Those by Erskine Nicol are really small works of art; while the Highlanders of Mr. Spence Smith are designed in full accord with the spirit of the book. The volume is remarkably well produced, and is uncommonly good value for money.

In Northern Mists. By DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Two Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

It does not follow that a man of action should be an explorer, that an explorer should prove a scientist, nor that a scientist should exhibit a talent as an historian—that is in itself noteworthy. Yet Dr. Nansen may now assuredly add these latter laurels to those which his other achievements have already brought him. To say that his present book must prove a valuable addition to the literature of navigating exploration, and that it must be classed as a standard work on the subject is a trite and altogether unsatisfactory method of explaining the scope of his production. "In Northern Mists" shows a degree of learning and a depth of research such as has rarely been rivalled by any recent book of importance. For painstaking thoroughness and for absolute mastery over its subject it might well have been the work of a literary book-worm who had spent half his life in diving in ancient libraries instead of that of a famous explorer whose own feet were so familiar with the ground with which he deals.

The Magnet of the North has attracted many races throughout almost all the ages, as Dr. Nansen explains. We have here the stories and legends of the Grecian and Latin sea-adventurers who turned the prows of their vessels northwards. We have the mediæval explanations on the part of the races of Northern Europe, and the voyages of

the Norsemen to Iceland and Greenland, and the fascinating descriptions of those early discoveries of Labrador and Newfoundland that had almost faded away from the pages of history. The ventures of the Phœnicians and Arabs, moreover, have their place in the work, and the later Northern voyages of the daring Portuguese, and of John Cabot. It is not too much to say that the entire romance of those strivings towards the ice-fields on the part of all nationalities has been brought together within the covers of Dr. Nansen's masterly work. The text is assisted by a very liberal introduction of those quaint maps and illustrations contrived by the mariners of old. "In Northern Mists" is an education in itself, and one in which even the least geographically-minded reader cannot fail to delight.

The Stage Year-book. Edited by L. CARSON. ("The Stage" Offices. 1s. net.)

MR. E. A. BAUGHAN, in an excellent article entitled "Drama of the Year," provides an introduction to "The Stage Year-book for 1912." He discusses in a calm, critical, and unbiassed manner the many productions of the year—why some have succeeded and others failed; the plays the public want and the plays of which they are heartily tired. In speaking of the play of the future Mr. Baughan says: "The tragedy of the future must be more to the life—tears shall be mingled with smiles, and instead of the cowardice of despair there shall be the courage of humour . . . there must be fantasy, imagination, and strangeness."

The book is crammed full of information invaluable to those connected with the theatrical profession and of interest to all who can only have an occasional glimpse into the land of make-believe. The portraits form a picture-gallery in themselves—that of M. Lydia Yavorska being the best likeness we have seen of the talented Russian actress. A long and chatty article deals with the Comédie Française, interspersed with reproductions of some of the stars of the French stage. America, Germany, and even Japan come in for their share of notice. A scene from Ibsen's "A Doll's House" looks very strange with Japanese actors and actresses. There are 180 pages taken up with the legal cases that occurred in 1911, so that it would appear that "behind the scenes" all is not so smiling and pleasant as it seems in front of the footlights.

Wagner's Bad Luck. An Exposure of 800 Errors in the Authorised Translation of Wagner's Autobiography. By DAVID IRVINE. (Watts and Co. 1s. net.)

THE lives of great men exercise a considerable influence upon those of their lesser brethren, and it is accordingly of considerable importance that such lives, and the characters of those who lived them, should be fully and correctly appreciated. We therefore welcome this pamphlet demonstrating the erroneous views of the life and character of Richard Wagner which must inevitably be formed by those whose knowledge thereof is derived from the authorised English translation of the composer's autobiography, replete as that translation is with vital misinterpretations. At the same time we could have desired a more critical and less personal tone of condemnation upon the part of the author, so that the results of his criticism might have been imputed solely to a desire that the truth should be established, uncontaminated by any motives of individual hostility.

Handy Newspaper List. (Charles and Edwin Layton. 6d.)

It is not possible at the present time for any one to make an excuse and say that there is no book available for reference

as to newspapers published. There are large books and small books and books of all and every kind. The "Handy Newspaper List" gives particulars of all newspapers and periodicals published in the United Kingdom. The daily papers of London and the suburbs head the list, the others being ranged in alphabetical order under the various towns, as in the larger books. The price, year of first issue, and politics of each are given, the whole being obtainable for the modest sum of 6d.

Penrose's Pictorial Annual. Edited by WILLIAM GAMBLE. (Penrose and Co. 5s. net.)

FOR varied and beautiful pictures it is difficult to find a more charming book than that issued yearly under the title of "The Process Year Book." Dealing with the printer's art in all its various branches, it gives illustrations the majority of which are well worthy of a frame. Some of the tones obtained are excellent, and each photograph is printed on the paper best suited to its production. There are many articles dealing with subjects interesting to all those who take part in the many branches of printing or photography.

FICTION

And the Stars Fought. By ENA FITZGERALD. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

FOR her two previous romances Miss Fitzgerald went to India and to Egypt for her materials. This time she comes nearer home, the scene of "And the Stars Fought" being laid for the most part in the Isle of Wight. The story is a very simple one. A murder has been perpetrated many years ago, the murderer soon afterwards leaving his wife and child to become a priest in the Roman Church. Vanessa Manning is a good woman and believes that under the shelter of Mother Church her husband has found sanctuary. Accidentally meeting him one day she learns by the terrible expression on his face that he has in no way expiated his sin, and it is further revealed to her from other sources that he hates the Faith he is expected to proclaim. The knowledge almost proves her undoing, and it is here that Miss Fitzgerald introduces a rather fantastic notion with regard to the production of any work of genius. Vanessa's daughter Stella had painted a masterpiece, which had been hung in the year's Academy. She was well on the way with another when her talent suddenly deserts her. Her loss synchronises with the time of her mother's lost faith in things earthly and heavenly. This is how Miss Fitzgerald describes it:—

The genius of the world's inspired workers is the result of a union of their power with that of some other person who loves, or has loved them, with an unselfish love. The one may have the power of idea and inspiration, the other the ability to put it into action. . . . But supposing the inspirer falls aside by any crime, then the worker suffers . . . his work degenerates, becomes commonplace, and thus remains until the inspirer's power returns.

There is only one fault to be found in the book, and that is that the pathos is somewhat overdone. There are several tragic situations, and in every instance a few words are said, and then comes a passage like the following:—

The blue butterfly rose from a mass of pink blossoms and sailed joyously towards the sun . . . the bird in the tree piped with untiring exultation; a light breeze swept inward from the sea and kissed the land.

Then the tragic event continues. This sort of thing occurs with almost the same regularity as the song and dance that follow the few spoken lines in comic opera, and spoils an otherwise well-written and enjoyable story.

The Drunkard. By GUY THORNE. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

"My father was a drunkard. . . . Wasn't my veins swollen with drink from the first? . . . I'm not a love-child, I'm a *drink* child, that's what I am!" exclaims the Hackney murderer, when visited by Dr. Morton Sims, "the leading authority upon inebriety," in the condemned cell the night before the execution. "Predisposition to Alcohol, Reversion, Heredity! . . . The 'Fiend Alcohol' at work once more," ponders the famous physician as he drives home after the interview. And this forms the keynote of Mr. Guy Thorne's powerful exposition of the evils of drink. A drunkard has two sons, the one legitimate, the other a love-child, the man whose bitter words we have quoted, and who only figures in the prologue. They are unacquainted with each other, bear different names, and occupy very distinct positions in life, nevertheless practically a same fate overtakes each, for which alcohol is made responsible. The younger son, born out of wedlock, has been poorly brought up, and is somewhat illiterate; his elder brother, the legitimate one, has been well educated, is well off, and a brilliant poet. Yet each commits a similar crime for a similar reason, becoming in turn "a cunning murderer with a poisoned mind and body," all in vain, and it is the inherited love of drink which brings this about. The story is that of Gilbert Lothian, the poet, the career of his half-brother being dismissed in a few lines. Mr. Thorne is by no means the first novelist to deal with the drink question, and we should have thought another novel on the subject uncalled for, in spite of learned dissertations on the early and later symptoms of alcoholism, and a description of the last stages of *delirium tremens*. To our mind there are other and better ways of dealing with the evil of excessive drinking, which is one of the most frightful scourges, leading to neglect of family, to forgetfulness of all social duties, to distaste for work, to want, and crime. But whether hereditary alcoholism really exists—Mr. Thorne evidently thinks it does—we leave to scientists to decide, so many doctors expressing different views on the subject.

The Principal Girl. By J. C. SNAITH. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN "The Principal Girl" Mr. Snaith has given us a delightful story of the peerage and the stage, which we have read through from start to finish with keen enjoyment. The author possesses a style peculiarly his own, full of humour, satire, and shrewd observation, which adds considerably to the piquancy of his narrative. It is a comedy of very modern life in which many well-known personages and places may be detected under thin disguises, and only the densest of readers will fail to appreciate to the full Mr. Snaith's undeniable wit. The hero and heroine are sure to win the hearts of all, "grandmamma . . . a stately old dame in a turban, turned eighty-four," is a gem, while the battle waged between Eton and Christ Church on the one side and Green Chartreuse on the other is amusing enough to make a cat laugh. Green Chartreuse wins after terrible struggles, with a result which we will leave the reader, especially if a lady, to find out for herself, and we wager she will not regret doing so, unless she has an overwhelming dislike to twins, two bonny boys, if you please! who make every one happy and are destined to carry on the traditions of Grosvenor Square.

The Steel Crown. By FERGUS HUME. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

THE story of "The Steel Crown" centres round an ex-Queen of Darra—a State somewhere in the vicinity of the Balkans—and two of her husband's cousins, both of whom are claimants to the throne. The author being Mr. Fergus Hume, needless to say there is the usual mystery, the solution of which takes up three hundred and odd pages. The interest is well sustained, until towards the end of the book it almost seems as if the author had put his manuscript on one side, read several fairy-tales, and somehow or other mixed them up in his remaining chapters, so whimsical and unreal are they. The character of Anthony Hale, a young solicitor, is made unnecessarily simple all the way through. It is again and again insisted that he is a "humdrum" person; but, if only for the sake of Justice, we trust that the majority of London's legal advisers are a little more alert than this young man. The punctuation in places is faulty, and one or two printer's errors have been allowed to creep in. Doubtless, Mr. Hume will have his usual public, who eagerly look for and appreciate his stirring and dramatic romances.

By Right Divine. By GERALD MAXWELL. (H. Grevel and Co. 6s.)

THE hero of this tale—Conrad von Altsperg—becomes acquainted with Graf von Lindenau and his daughter, the former of whom had been a most devoted gentleman-in-waiting of the late Queen of Hanover, and an enthusiastic supporter of the present Duke of Cumberland. To lovers of history, the delightful manner in which this tale is told should suffice to render it both interesting and instructive. The greater part of the action takes place at Ischl, the summer residence of the Emperor of Austria, the beautiful scenery of which is charmingly described. Exciting club scandals take place, in which the hero's brother Dietrich, a lieutenant in the celebrated Garde du Corps, is implicated. The interest which is aroused in the very first chapter is sustained to the last.

The Goal of Fortune. By E. E. TOWGOOD. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

EXACTLY why Arnold Vernon should have been thought so unlikely a husband for Alison Cathcart it were perhaps easier for the writer of this book than for the reader to say. Arnold had character—a possession which is always apt to annoy the ordinary Philistine—and he had not the most sympathetic of manners. Alison herself, however, was in some ways a trifle abnormal, and it was not unnatural that she should have been attracted to him, more natural by far than that the couple should have been estranged so soon after their marriage. The cause of this estrangement appears vague; we hazard the suggestion that it was mere stupidity, and the reader feels a legitimate annoyance to find it continuing so long. The device by which the authoress finally brings husband and wife together again has an air of newness, but it cannot really atone for so threadbare a plot as that which leads up to it. Miss Towgood writes respectably and has a sense of humour, but she does not soar above the greyness of common life imperfectly seen.

The Disputed Marriage. By LILIAN STREET. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

As a rule a book written in the form of letters is uninteresting. The exception proves the rule, as it does in this case. Each letter is a connecting-link in a very unusual set of circumstances, making as a whole a charming love-tale. It is full of incident and pathos, and worthy of being read.

THE THEATRE

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

MR. COSMO HAMILTON has chosen a dangerous theme and one which requires great dexterity in handling on the stage. Those who have read his novel will not require to be told the story of the play, but briefly the problem is this: Should mothers enlighten their daughters on the dangers which beset their path when they first set out to play their customary rôle in the game of life? We are inclined to think that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton bases his story on a situation which rarely if ever occurs in real life; or if it does, only in the most exceptional environment. We believe, too, that only a very small percentage of young ladies just commencing their careers need enlightenment on such subjects at all. In this age there is a plentiful output of literature, and if they have not read it with the sanction of their parents, it has nevertheless found its way into their hands. There are plays which the majority must have seen; and there is that intercourse with others of their own age which almost invariably leads to a discussion of such dangerous topics, which are nevertheless so fascinating to the youth of both sexes. Then, again, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's heroine has lived all her life in a country vicarage, and one would have thought that such an environment was almost the least conducive to ignorance concerning the code of propriety which governs the relations of the sexes. She must have heard her father's sermons for a good number of years twice a day on Sunday. It is almost impossible to imagine that he never once touched on the topics of which she knows nothing; but even if he had not she must have listened to the Lessons and read the Bible from cover to cover, which is a very liberal education in itself on all the good and evil of which man and woman are capable in this dark world of sin. But Mr. Cosmo Hamilton assumes that such *ingénues* are still to be found, and in considering his play on its merits we must also assume that he has substantial premisses on which to build his story. This he has done with considerable skill, and the audience at the Little Theatre on Monday night showed their appreciation of his work in the most enthusiastic manner.

The plot is simple in the extreme. Effie Pemberton, who has lived all her life with her parents, suddenly has a companion thrust upon her in the person of the Hon. Archibald Graham, who, after a chequered and somewhat summarily ended career at Eton and Oxford, has been sent by his distracted parents to study for the Bar with her father, the Rev. Harry Pemberton. The associations of these two ripening adolescents can only end one way—in a mutual love. Effie is so blinded by her devotion to Archie that when he goes up to town for a "spree" with a friend she sits in his bedroom from midnight to 4 a.m. waiting for his return by the last train. But of course the last train is missed, and the wayward Archie turns up with the milk at dawn. He does not go to bed, but prepares to have an early morning game of golf, when, to his astonishment, Effie enters his room in a Japanese kimono and asks him to give an account of his day in town. He begs her to leave the room, but Effie, in the blindness of her virtue, sees not the slightest impropriety in her being there at this unconventional hour and in her still more unconventional attire, and argues the matter with refreshing frankness. Suddenly her mother is heard approaching, and Archie puts her in the cupboard and locks the door. After Mrs. Pemberton has left, Effie comes forth and tells Archie of her great love for him, which Archie immediately reciprocates. They are

clasped in a fond embrace when her father enters. There follows a terrible scene of the highest dramatic power. In the last Act come mutual explanations, which satisfy the father of his daughter's absolute innocence, a complete reconciliation, and wedding bells.

Now let us say at once that the play was magnificently acted. It has been a long time since we saw anything better than some of the scenes between Mr. Charles Kenyon as the Rev. Harry Pemberton, and Mr. Owen Nares as the Hon. Archibald Graham. The audience were simply carried away with enthusiasm. Miss Beryl Faber as Mrs. Pemberton was perfection. She acted with genuine feeling, and with just that amount of emotion one would expect to find in a Vicar's wife. Miss Margery Maude as Effie Pemberton really convinced us that she was a complete *ingénue*, so that, however unlikely the premisses are on which Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has based his plot, we never thought of that aspect of the question as long as Miss Maude was on the stage. One must not forget the excellent work of Miss Dora Harker as the family servant, "Cookie." The audience showed their appreciation of the author's work by calling for him at the end of the last Act, and they refused to leave until he had made his bow and a little speech, in which he told us the Censor had granted a licence after one or two small alterations had been made. So all is well that ends well, and "The Blindness of Virtue" should fill the Little Theatre for many nights to come. There are two matters we would like the management to look into. The house is terribly cold, and it was impossible to sit in comfort even with a heavy coat on. Secondly, there is never enough light on the stage, and those at the back of the theatre had great difficulty in seeing the faces of the actors. We heartily congratulate Mr. Cosmo Hamilton on his work, and feel sure it will enjoy the success it deserves.

KISSES AND REVOLVERS

A "DUOLOGUE," a "Fantasy," and a "Comedy" were presented to a patient and friendly audience on Friday afternoon last at the Little Theatre; and it was well that the audience possessed the virtues of patience and friendliness, for the "Fantasy," entitled "Pierrot in Australia," by Arthur H. Adams, proved to be the savoury meat sandwiched between two slices of very dry bread. "Pierrot," however, was worth seeing. Into the kitchen of a bush home in Australia comes Pierrot, arrayed in cap and motley, and talks to the farmer and his daughter—who have just been discussing the return of "Bill," the drover sweetheart—in the whimsical way of his kind. He talks of wine, of life in gay Provence, of romance; he kisses the astonished girl, poses, cajoles, enchants. Bill, who enters, is in turn enchanted, and Pierrot, who is Romance, vanishes, having sown the subtle seed of a desire for wider life in the hearts he leaves behind. It is very pretty, and was excellently acted by Miss Dorothy Spencer, Mr. Mark Hannam, Mr. Ewan Brook, and Mr. Benedict Butler.

Of the "Duologue" entitled "Just Three Kisses," by R. J. Dunkelsbuhler, we need only say that it was very thin and profitless. The action takes place in a scene which is by now an old fashion in stageland—a bedroom; possibly the author thought it rather daring, but mutual confessions of juvenile escapades on the part of a juvenile honeymoon couple failed to raise our enthusiasm. And of the last piece, "When we Begin to Think," what can we say? Two young men, one absorbed in Nietzsche, played well by Mr. P. Gawthorn, the other, his friend, more interested in life than in its interpreters (Mr. Gerard Willshire) talk on and on and on, taking different sides. When the friend Henry left we thought the piece would be over in a minute or so; but the

immature philosopher read us slabs of Nietzsche, talked to himself about higher things (and lower things), and at last took a revolver from a drawer of a desk and toyed with it. Now, we thought, the end has come, and we reached for our hat, feeling an intense longing for the fresh, cold air outside. But no—it was not the end. For many weary hours (or so it seemed) the young man revealed to us his most secret—and most uninteresting—thoughts; and for all we know he may be there still. For we came away, caring nothing whether he shot himself or whether Henry—we simply longed for the relief of Henry—rushed in and wrenched the revolver from his hand.

Outside, in the twilight, we drew a long breath and wiped our fevered brow, and thanked whatever gods there be for the train that took us to the open country, where there are trees, and fields, and streams, and men who know not the name of Nietzsche.

"DAS MARCHEN" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

MESSRS. C. E. WHEELER AND GRANVILLE BARKER'S English version of "Das Märchen," by Arthur Schnitzler, was produced by the Adelphi Society at the Little Theatre on Sunday evening last. The play treats of life in artistic circles in Vienna, and the main theme centres in the person of Fanny Theren, a young actress, in love with Fedor Denner, a journalist, who is also in love with her. He is, however, afraid to allow his sentiments their full expansion, because he knows that Fanny is a girl "with a past."

The first Act takes place in Fanny's home, where she lives with her old mother, who is conveniently blind to her daughter's moral shortcomings, and her younger sister, an eminently practical and hard-hearted young music-mistress. The Therenes are at home to their friends, and in the course of a dispute with the freethinking and freespeaking young artist, Robert Well, Fedor Denner takes up the cudgels on behalf of erring women. He maintains that the world is unjust in condemning them outright, that they should be given a chance to reform. This naturally wins him Fanny's gratitude. Then Denner discovers that he himself cannot do what he blames the world for not doing—he cannot forgive or forget Fanny's past.

He stays away from her at the cost of much personal suffering, but in the second Act she goes to him in his rooms to ask the reason of his absence, and to implore him to forget the past. They are interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Witte, and Fanny has to escape by a side door. Dr. Witte is her old lover, and is himself about to close his chapter of free-love by marrying. Witte laughs at the memory of the women whom one "loves and leaves with a smile." Denner suggests that such a woman may ultimately love and wish to reform. Witte replies that she has probably said the same thing to each of her former lovers.

Fanny Theren returns to Denner's flat after Witte has left, and there is a powerful scene, in which Denner forces her to tell him the story of her past life. It is the usual rather sordid tale of a young girl surprised by the beauty of love and then revolted by its reality. She grows to hate her seducer, and is filled with remorse for what she has done. Then Dr. Witte appears on the scene; he is sympathetic and gentle; she falls in love and can refuse him nothing, and in due season he leaves her. In the last Act there is a painful scene between Fedor Denner and Fanny. She returns home after having become famous in a new part, and implores Denner, for the last time, to forgive everything; but his almost

morbid jealousy of her past is too strong for him, and he goes away.

There are some cleverly-drawn minor characters. Fanny's sister Clara prefers the so-called honourable road, and marries the blatant philistine, Adalbert Wandel, whom she does not love. Both she and the eminently conventional Wandel are rather ashamed of Fanny and anxious to get her out of the way. So Fanny signs a contract to play in St. Petersburg, and is faced with the melancholy reality that she has nothing but her art and the unsatisfying admiration of the crowd to live for. The choice fruits of sympathy and love are to be denied her, because of her initial mistake.

The play is a powerful one. Like most of Arthur Schnitzler's works, it is unlikely to have a great success in this country, since the characters are drawn with a subtle harmony which is never conspicuous, but which is art. There are no glaringly preposterous discrepancies of situation or character calculated to arouse the popular sense of humour; no mock heroics; there is no sickly sentimentality. Miss Penelope Wheeler, who played Fanny Theren, had some fine moments, but was hardly equal to the part. Mr. Leslie Gordon gave an admirable if unsympathetic rendering of Fedor Denner. Mr. Campbell Cargill was excellent as Adalbert Wandel; while Messrs. Maurice Elvey and Nigel Barrie, as the Bohemian artist and the young man of fashion respectively, were good on the whole. With the exception of Mr. Maurice Elvey, none of the characters aroused our sympathy, the acting leaving much to be desired. It is a pity, as we have remarked in another column, that the stage of the Little Theatre is not better lighted.

"ŒDIPUS REX"

THIS week the curtain at Covent Garden will be rung down on the production of "Œdipus Rex," but the question as to whether the experiment of introducing "Sophocles" to an English audience has been a success, and if it will be repeated, still remains unsettled. The public have, on the whole, supported the production very well, but whether from curiosity or because they are genuinely interested in the work of the ancient Greek tragedian we cannot yet tell. This question could only be settled by giving the piece a longer run than was arranged for in the present instance.

Undoubtedly, whatever may be the opinions of the public, chances of success in an experiment such as this must depend on the close following of the original Greek play both by the translator and the actors, and it is from this standpoint that "Œdipus" at Covent Garden must be judged. Few persons would go to see "Sophocles" modernised, and fewer still would wish to have the Greek tragedian's play so altered as to fit in with present-day ideas, or its austerities softened to suit our modern complacency in regard to moral dereliction, whether that be deliberate or the result of fate. We go in order to study the Greek idea, and to endeavour to find out the principles and motives underlying the work. We also want to see how the Greeks produced a play, and in what way, despite the absence of modern scenic effect, they were able to hold their audience.

Professor Murray has given us a magnificent version. Some of his lines are majestic, and appear to have lost as little as is humanly possible in translation, but it seems unfortunate that he should have adopted the rhyming couplet as a means of expression.

Some of the finest passages are made to sound almost banal by the use of this form, particularly in the great scene between Œdipus and Jocasta. The actors themselves appear to realise this, for they seem to endeavour all the time to avoid making the rhyming too obvious to the ear.

No! blank verse, and blank verse only, is the medium for translations of Sophocles, whether on the stage or off.

The general method of production could not be more impressive, and for this London is again indebted to Mr. Reinhardt. We should have liked to see the whole of the stalls removed, and the space thus created filled by a vast crowd, but this is a desire for perfection, impossible on account of the expense involved. As it is, the action of the crowds and their stage management has not been equalled in anything that we have witnessed.

No better choice than that of Mr. Martin Harvey for the part of Œdipus could have been made, and he cannot have all the blame for the fact that the intense tragedy of the play just fails to impress itself. Doubtless, in Athens, the tone of the acting was one of supreme calm and self-restraint. Even as the Will of God is inevitable, so it is received in the same spirit. The play represents the triumph of fate over human endeavour and intention. In the great scene between Œdipus and the blind seer the former's taunts are not so much the result of excitement over the accusations brought against him as the means whereby he endeavours to extort the whole truth, no matter how painful; from Teiresias. When Jocasta goes in to kill herself, it is not so much from horror due to the discovery that she is both wife and mother of her husband, as to offer up a sacrifice to the outraged deity. When Œdipus blinds himself, he does not do so from frenzy, but as an act of justice. Those eyes that had unconsciously looked upon his mother in lust were unworthy, by their failure to perceive and warn, ever to see again, and therefore he executes justice upon them. Blinded and agonised, he staggers forth, but he realises that this is the Will of God, and he is prepared to pursue his fate to the end, so he leaves Thebes an outcast and a wanderer.

If the foregoing interpretation of Sophocles be correct, then the acting of the play at Covent Garden was too emotional, and we cannot help feeling that it would have gained in tragic intensity by a more restrained and dignified pose. Some liberties have been taken with the text, and it seems that the long-drawn-out scene with the children, though literally correct, might have been shortened.

The third of Sophocles' trilogy could have been introduced with advantage, and for the final episode we would have seen the blind Œdipus led by the hand of his daughter, passing out of his city through the silent crowds.

Lastly, it is not necessary for Mr. Martin Harvey to roll down the steps of the stage. This was not in keeping with the play's true note of dignified restraint and resignation. On the whole, however, despite these blemishes, which were to be expected in a first presentation, the production is well worth that repetition which we hope will take place.

MUSIC

MR. BANTOCK'S CHORAL SYMPHONY

THE production of Mr. Granville Bantock's "Atalanta in Calydon" in Manchester last week was not only an important event in the history of the Hallé Concerts, but a distinct landmark in the development of modern British music generally. The audience, which prides itself on its restraint, on this occasion developed a considerable gift for enthusiasm, which showed that it appreciated the compliment the composer had paid to Manchester by dedicating his new work to the Hallé Chorus and its trainer, and by selecting Manchester for its first appearance. Everybody who is in the habit of reading and talking about musical matters by this time knows how Mr. Bantock has designed his Choral Symphony in four movements, how it is his aim to develop the

possibilities of choral expression, how he multiplies his choral parts, and how he dispenses with an orchestra. What the value of the experiment may be it is too early to say, especially as the performance, though exceedingly creditable considering the vast difficulties of the work, was far from faultless. Mr. Bantock has never been a grateful vocal writer—that is to say, he has always made it difficult for a singer to obtain the appropriate expression in singing his music. He has always relied on orchestral colour for producing his emotional effects, and is consequently not altogether surprising if in this case the actual material of the various movements falls short of the ideal. As far as one can judge from one hearing, Mr. Bantock was solving problems of *technique* as he went along, because there is a much greater appearance of ease and mastery in the third and fourth movements than in the first and second, and the last movement also commended itself as being the freest from superfluous complexities. Only two movements are set for full chorus, the two others being for male chorus and for female chorus respectively. One cannot help thinking it an artistic mistake to begin with male chorus only, nor does there seem any inner reason for the choice of medium. There is no musical reason why the opening chorus should not have been set for mixed voices, and, conversely, there seems nothing specifically feminine in "We have seen thee, O Love." It is always cause for satisfaction when a composer chooses the best literature for his text and faces the inevitable risk—namely, that the lovers of that particular poetry should at the outset tell him that he has misunderstood the poet. In this case Mr. Bantock has surmounted this difficulty with rare skill, because, whatever fault may be found with details of the music, it appeals to all as a noble interpretation of the significance of the words, and if the whole of it had been on the same level of imagination and inspiration as the last four pages it would have deserved the epithet of "great."

The rest of the music of the week must be dismissed somewhat briefly. Mr. Hammerstein has given us a good performance of "Louise," but one which eliminates a good deal of imagination and poetry from the drama. The omission of the Noctambule is perhaps in itself a trifle, but it is typical of the spirit in which the whole work was approached. The antics of the work-girls in the work-room were overdone, and the significance of the scene, which resides in the gradual hypnotising of the other girls when Suzanne and Irma sing their love-song, was missed; and, moreover, the constant restlessness interfered with the due singing of the chorus. The Montmartre scene was devised with extreme cleverness, but it is an open question whether a greater effect of vagueness instead of the photographic precision with which we saw the illuminated Paris is not, in the higher sense, more effective. The cast was satisfactory, and there is no reason why "Louise" should not prove the most popular of all the works Mr. Hammerstein has presented.

The most interesting concert of the week was undoubtedly that given by Mr. Richard Buhlig, when he played some piano pieces by Arnold Schönberg and Erich Wolfgang Korngold's Sonata. The composer of the sonata is fourteen, and, whatever he may do later, it is certain that he has written works such as no boy of his age has ever composed before. All other youthful composers of whom musical history knows have written in a vein which was slightly old-fashioned at the time, but this boy is in the very forefront of the modern movement. His very piano *technique* is based on that of Strauss and Reger. The moods which he depicts are those of ultra-modern discontent and revolt, but apart from this his musical ideas in themselves have individuality and interest, and his sonata would attract more than passing attention if it were the work of a finished artist. Besides being an amazing phenomenon in itself, the music gives pause because it makes one wonder whither it is

leading. The fact that the boy's father is a musical critic, constantly occupied with the most modern music, no doubt partly explains why young Korngold's music is cast in this mould, but it does not, as some people think, make its value less. It is its intrinsic worth, not its style, which is so astonishing. It is difficult to know what to say about Schönberg's music. It is not so much an advance beyond anything that we have hitherto known as music as an absolute negation of it. At one hearing it is utterly impossible to discover any musical idea, any attempt at depicting a mood, or any reason in the juxtaposition of notes or combinations of notes, for it is hardly possible to speak of six or seven notes apparently chosen quite at random as chords. The audience could not refrain from tittering at some of the passages, and there were even some hisses at the close. Busoni's Sonatina is interesting, if not remarkably attractive.

For the eleventh year in succession Mr. Josef Holbrooke is pursuing his efforts on behalf of British chamber music, not unnaturally including his own, which well deserves a place in any scheme. His first concert of this season took place on Thursday, and as Manchester and Bantock claimed me, I obtained from a reliable source the following note. "Mr. Holbrooke's musical personality is made up of a curious mixture of apparently conflicting elements, and those who know only the uncontrolled and apparently uncontrollable wildness of some of his larger orchestral works will be quite surprised at the amount of sweet reasonableness there is in a work like his String Sextet, which, as he says, he hopes to publish some day. His Fantasia Quartet is also conceived in an unusually chastened mood for him, but the hotspur element occasionally gains the upper hand. Mr. Holbrooke also shows a good deal of wisdom in deciding to reproduce works which have had one hearing and have then been shelved. The first performance of a work is really easier to obtain than a second, and after all with a complex modern work one hearing is not of very great value. It is very often the composers themselves who are to blame for the shelving of their own works, because when asked to contribute a work to a programme it is their invariable habit to propose the latest product from their factory. For some of our younger men 'factory' seems indeed the right word, for the British composer is far more prolific than his fellow in any other civilised country. One might almost suspect that with some of them composition degenerates into a sort of reflex action, and a good many of them are like the pelican of the fable, who feeds upon herself. They hardly seem to give themselves time to obtain any impressions from the world without, or to live through any experiences, from which alone music worthy to live can result. One of the most careful in this respect is Mr. Norman O'Neill, who does apparently allow a reasonable interval to elapse between his works, and thus his new Trio is a work deserving of serious attention. It is distinguished by great polish of workmanship. Mr. Dunhill's Variations for cello and piano are also a creditable specimen of British chamber music, and Mr. Roger Quilter's songs always make pleasant hearing."

A. K.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SHIRKING

A GOOD deal of ingenuity has been expended in biography in trying to explain how men of genius have accomplished certain important works, but a much more curious inquiry would be why and how certain men of undoubted ability have accomplished nothing. Samuel Smiles wrote an, in some respects, admirable book fifty years ago in which genius was said to be nine-tenths industry, and Carlyle, as is well

known, defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains; but, on the other hand, there is a kind of genius which is physiologically indolent and which only some sharp spur of necessity or privation can move to effort, or in which, in short, the will and the intellect seem alienated. One need, perhaps, only mention the names of Dr. Johnson, Hazlitt and Coleridge for purpose of present illustration, each of whom we learn from biography and contemporary report (that unkind witness), was constitutionally indolent, so much so in fact that one is surprised that they ever accomplished so much.

It is curious to notice that the essays of Dr. Johnson and Hazlitt are full of the praises of action and exhortations to diligence, and indeed a shrewd reader, with some knowledge of the literary character, might suspect from this very insistence an infirmity of will or purpose in the writer. Only one who understood by personal experience the insidious dangers of indolence or the psychology of shirking could have written the papers in the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, and the *Idler* on "The Various Arts of Self-delusion," "The Luxury of Vain Imagination," "Diligence too Soon Relaxed," "The Necessity of Perseverance," "Labour Necessary to Excellence," "The Hopes of Youth Fallacious," "The Importance of Punctuality," "The Idler's Character," "The Robbery of Time," "Disguises of Idleness," "Motions of the Flight of Time," "What Have Ye Done," "Omar's Plan of Life," and many other papers of the kind. And yet we know from Cave, the publisher, that these very essays were often not written on the day previous to going to press, thus causing the printers much embarrassment, and Johnson's unpunctuality was common knowledge. In the same manner scores of passages could be marked in the essays of Hazlitt in praise of will and action, which are inconsistent with much of what we know of the essayist from other good sources. Coleridge's indolence is too well known to require special reference, and the surprising fact here perhaps is that, in spite of his infirmity, he produced a certain quantity of lasting work. In his "Table Talk" he diagnoses his malady, which he speaks of as an experience of illness only:—

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can think with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain, but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanly reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

One suspects from these and numerous other examples that this divorce of will and intellect, of thought and action, is not at all an uncommon phenomenon even in those men who, despite their fears, have accomplished much permanent and useful work. It is no doubt a natural vice, a physiological tendency of the literary mind, to substitute the will for the deed, to contemplate the end and neglect the means of attaining it, to exalt the intellect at the expense of will, or thought at the expense of action. Thus Hazlitt, like a true artist cultivating his own defect:—

It is impossible to have things done without doing them. This seems a truism, and yet what is more common than to suppose that we shall find things done merely by wishing it? To put the will for the deed is as usual in practice as it is contrary to common sense. There is, in fact, no absurdity, no contradiction, of which the will is not capable. . . . We will a thing; we contemplate the end intensely and think it done, neglecting the necessary means to accomplish it. The strong tendency of the mind towards it, the internal effort it makes to give being to the object of its idolatry, seems an adequate cause to produce the effect and in a manner identified with it.

Where the intellect is more than usually acute this danger is even greater, or at least when the will and intellect, the thought and its expression are not trained to work in unity; and even the finest intellect in the world is valueless if it neglects corresponding action or expression. In the very greatest men the will and the action are perhaps perfectly adjusted, and are a single operation, but in a very large number of cases this relation is imperfect and the cause does not produce its proper effect or the thought its expression, but the two are continually struggling with each other to no immediately harmonious result. There is, of course, a certain amount of will even in thought, but even this operation is not completed until it issues in some kind of action or expression—which is, indeed, but a part of the process of thought. Certain kinds of thought require some means of demonstration or a conclusion in action, just as although a man may be skilled at mental calculation, the higher mathematics demand instruments and diagrams. Nor can a man be perfectly happy until he has brought his thought to a practical issue; every one has probably experienced this satisfaction. "A man is relieved and gay," says Emerson, "when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him, no muse befriends, no invention, no hope."

And this is one of the evil tendencies of modern education and book knowledge—to exalt and educate the intellect at the expense of performance, although this is doubtless counteracted by the natural disposition of healthy normal minds to neglect the intellect for sport or physical expression of life. For this reason the successful men of to-day are not the highest or subtlest psychological intellects, but men in whom will and intellect are well balanced, and with a preference for the man of will and action to the man of rare mentality. This was well illustrated by a remark of Bismarck upon one occasion, on being told that Schopenhauer defined will power as the indestructible essence of the mind of man, and that intellect was only of secondary importance. "That may very well be," was the statesman's significant comment, "at least, as far as I am concerned, for I have often noticed that my will had already come to a decision while my mind had not yet finished thinking about the same subject." This virtue of action is the virtue of work, and it has been the conclusion of the wise of all ages that nothing is better for the mind than some regular task or occupation. Without it thought itself is a disease, and doubtless this is the malady of much modern literature.

To what intellectual processes alone will lead is appallingly illustrated in the journals of the unhappy Amiel, who should be read once by everybody as an object-lesson of to what this introspective habit of thought and estrangement from life leads. There is not space in this article to quote, but in these pages is a perfect pathological and psychological record of the stages of the malady the logical end of which is insanity—in which, indeed, it has often ended. When it is too late he realises the evil and prescribes the remedy—"How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in oneself something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy." Literature, in fact, is strewn with the wrecks of souls who have been drawn into the whirlpools of endless and futile thought or seduced by dream-sirens, and it is well sometimes, like Ulysses, to seal the ears to their seductive voices, calmly to pursue some purpose in action of our own. Temptations to indolence, to idle and dreamy thought, to habits of procrastination, assume sometimes a thousand, surreptitious shapes, and it is not always easy to recognise them in their

true character. The manner in which the intellect, which is the chief defaulter, deceives the will it would be interesting to illustrate were it within the scope of the present article. But a single quotation from Mark Rutherford's "Pages from a Journal" may answer the immediate purpose:—

What we have once heard, really heard in our best moments, by that let us abide. There are multitudes of moments in which intelligent conviction in the truth of principles disappears, and we are able to do nothing more than fall back on mere dogged determination to go on, not to give up what we have once found to be true. . . . A principle cannot for ever appear to us in its pristine splendour. Not only are we tempted to forsake it by other and counter attractions, but it gets wearisome to us because it is a principle. It becomes a fetter we think. . . . One would like to have a record of all that passed through the soul of Ulysses when he rowed past the Syrens. In what intellectually subtle forms did not the desire to stay clothe itself to that intellectually subtle soul? . . . I remember once having determined, after much deliberation, that I ought to undertake a certain task which would occupy me for years. It was one which I could at any moment relinquish. After six months I began to flag, and my greatest hindrance was not the confessed desire for rest, but all kinds of the most fascinating principles or pseudo-principles. . . . I was narrowing my intellect, preventing the proper enjoyment of life, neglecting the sunshine, and so on.

In this all students will recognise the faces of familiar enemies, and the difficulty is that they are not always to be disregarded. Sometimes such symptoms precede a serious breakdown, and to ignore them is dangerous folly. But it is well to preserve always a balance between action and thought. Let us place against this an exhortation by Amiel:—

Do not violence to yourself, respect in yourself the oscillation of feeling. They are your life and your nature. One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment nor of an abstract and general plan; be open to what life brings from within and without and welcome the unforeseen, but give to your life unity and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan. . . . Thus will your development be harmonious and the peace of Heaven will shine upon your brow—always on condition that your peace is made and that you have climbed your Calvary.

There can be very little doubt as to which is the greater danger—too much or too little action, and one may easily discover one's own tendency. The punishment in the latter case is doubtless far the harder to bear. To look back at thirty, forty, or fifty upon a wasted life and to remember what one hoped to achieve in youth is to the ambitious soul a torment worthy of the damned. And how many at thirty or forty suddenly awake one day to find themselves not famous and to compare their performance with that of those who have accomplished much at the same age! This situation is forcibly illustrated in Edwin Clayhanger, the protagonist of Mr. Arnold Bennett's novel, who at something after thirty discovers that he has done nothing. He reads of the death of Parnell and recollects that at his own age Parnell was a power in the country. And there he sat in his obscure middle-class home, like millions of others, having distinguished himself at thirty and something for nothing. The experience is a painful one, but is it ever too late to mend?

F. H. M.

A JAPANESE ON ENGLISH POETRY—I.

I COME always to the conclusion, in reading English poems, although I read them rather seldom (doesn't it sound strange to you since I pass as a poet?), that the English poets waste too much energy in "words, words, and words," and make, doubtless with all good intentions, their inner meaning frustrate, at least less distinguished, simply from the reason that its full liberty to appear naked is denied. It is the poets more than the novelists who not only misinterpret their own meaning, but often deceive their own souls, and cry to their hearts too affectedly whose timid eyes look aside; it is almost unbelievable how the English-speaking people, with their pronounced reserve and good sense, can turn at once in "poetry" so reckless and eloquent. When I say it seems that they take a so-called poetical licence, I mean that what they write about, to speak slangily, by the yard is not Life or Voice itself (or to use my own beloved word, Death or Silence itself); from such a viewpoint I do not hesitate to declare that the English poets, particularly the American poets, are far behind the novelists. I can prove with many instances that there are books and books of "poems" in which one cannot find any particular design of their authors; it is never too much to say that they have a good intention, though not wise at best; but after all, to have only that good intention is not the way to make art or literature advance.

I always insist that the written poems, even when they are said to be good, are only the second best, as the very best poems are left unwritten or sung in silence. It is my opinion that the real test for poets is in how far they resist their impulse to utterance, or, in another word, to the publication of their own work—not how much they have written, but how much they have destroyed. To live poetry is the main thing, and the question of the poems written or published is indeed secondary; from such a reason I regard our Basho Matsuo, the seventeen-syllable *hokku* poet of three hundred and fifty years ago, as great, while the work credited to his wonderful name could be printed in less than one hundred pages of any ordinary size. And it is from the same reason that I pay an equal reverence to Stephane Mallarmé, the so-called French symbolist, although I do not know the exact meaning of that term. While they are poets different in nature, true to say, as different as a Japanese from a Frenchman (or it might be said, as same as the French and the Japanese), it seems to me that they join hands unconditionally in the point of denying their hearts too free play, with the result of making poetry living and divine, not making merely "words, words, and words," and further in the point that both of them, the Japanese and the Frenchman, are poetical realists whose true realism is heightened or "enigmatised" by the strength of their own denial, to the very point that they have been often mistaken for mere idealists. Putting aside the question whether they are great or not, the fact that they have left little work behind is the point I should like to emphasise; blessed be they who can sing in silence to the content of their hearts in love of perfection. The real prayer should be told in silence.

For a poet to have few lines in these prosaic days would be at least an achievement truly heroic; I think that the crusade for the Western poetry, if it is necessary, as I believe it is most momentous, should begin with the first act of leaving the "words" behind, or making them return to their original proper places. We have a little homely proverb—"The true heart will be protected by a god, even though it offers no prayer at all." I should like to apply it to poetry and to say that Poetry will take care of itself all by

itself without any assistance from words, rhymes, and metres. I flatter myself that even Japan can do something towards the reformation or advancement of the Western poetry.

Japanese poetry, at least the old Japanese poetry, is different from Western poetry in the same way as silence is different from a voice, night from day; while avoiding the too close discussion of their relative merits, I can say that the latter always fails, naturally enough, through being too active to value properly inaction, restfulness, or death; to speak shortly, the passive phase of Life and the World. It is fantastic to say that night and day, silence and voice, are all the same; let me admit they are vastly different; it is their difference that makes them so interesting. The sensitiveness of our human nature makes us to be influenced by the night and silence as well as by the day and voice; let me confess, however, that my suspicion of the Western poetic feeling dates from quite far back in the days of my old California life, when I was often laughed at for my aimless loitering under the moonbeams, and for my patient attention to the voice of the falling snow. One who lives, for instance, in Chicago or New York can hardly know the real beauty of night and silence; it is my opinion that the Western character, particularly of Americans, would be sweetened, or at least toned down, if that part of the beauty of Nature might be emphasised. Oh, our Japanese life of dream and silence! The Japanese poetry is that of the moon, stars, and flowers, that of a bird and waterfall for the noisiest; when we do not sing so much the life and world it is not from the reason that we think their value negative, but from our thought that it would be better, in most cases, to leave them alone, and not to sing of them is the proof of our reverence toward them. Besides, to sing the stars and flowers in Japan means to sing Life, since we human beings are not merely a part of Nature, but Nature itself. When our Japanese poetry is best, it is, let me say, a searchlight or flash of thought or passion cast on a moment of Life or Nature, which, by the virtue of its intensity, leads us to the conception of the whole; it is swift, discontinuous, an isolated piece. So it is the best of our seventeen-syllable *Hokku* and thirty-one-syllable *Uta* poems that by their art, as Tsurayuki remarks in his *Kokinshū* preface, "without an effort, heaven and earth are moved, and gods and demons invisible to our eyes are touched with sympathy;" the real value of the Japanese poems may be measured by what mood or illusion they inspire in the reader's mind.

It is not too much to say that an appreciative reader of poetry in Japan is not made but born, just like a poet; as the Japanese poetry is never explanatory, one has everything before him on which to let his imagination freely play; as a result he will come to have an almost personal attachment to it as much as the author himself. When you realise that the expression or words always mislead you, often making themselves an obstacle to a mood or illusion, it will be seen what a literary achievement it is when one can say a thing which passes well as real poetry in such a small compass mentioned above; to say "suggestive" is simple enough, but the important question is how. Although I know it sounds rather arbitrary, I may say that such a result may be gained partly (remember only partly) through the determination in rejection of inessentials from the phrase and the insistence upon the economy of the inner thought; just at this moment while I write this article, my mind is suddenly recalled to the word which my old California poet-friend used to exclaim: "Cut short, cut short, and again cut short!"

YONE NOGUCHI.

SPAIN AND ENGLAND IN THE PENINSULAR WAR*

At the beginning of 1808 French troops under Murat occupied Madrid, and Spain was officially at war with England. The rising of May 2nd, echoing through the Provinces, changed the face of things. The first act of the Junta of Asturias, the first Province which declared war upon the Emperor Napoleon, was to send envoys to propose an alliance with England. From the date of their arrival at Falmouth (June 5th, 1808) it may be said that it rained Spanish emissaries in England. They agreed in little except in their unceasing petitions for millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of rifles. The account of their reception in London and their interviews with Canning, and of the experiences and character of the English Ministers Plenipotentiary and private agents in Spain, form not the least interesting part of a most attractive volume written by Señor Villa-Urrutia, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of St. James'.

The work is of real importance for all students of the period, since former writers, Spanish, French, and English, engrossed by the military interest, have not dwelt at any very great length upon the previous negotiations, the intrigues and rivalries, the character and action of the representatives of Spain in England and of England in Spain. Napier, indeed, tells us in no measured terms his opinion of Frere's attitude and conduct; but Señor Villa-Urrutia, who devotes much space to Frere, while he is not inclined to be more favourable than Napier towards Frere as diplomat, gives a fuller account of the man and his literary work, pursuing his investigations from his birth in London in May, 1769, to his death in Malta in 1846. "He lived outside of time and space," says Señor Villa-Urrutia, who shows that his attitude as a diplomat was somewhat similar to that on the occasion of his marriage in 1816 to Lady Erroll, when in the course of a long interview at the house of John Murray, the publisher, he suddenly remembered that he must go home, as he had that day been married. But the author in censuring Frere by no means palliates the strange conduct of the Central Junta, its fantastic proclamations, foolish dreams, and general incapacity, nor does he think much more highly than Napier of the abilities of the Spanish diplomats, politicians, and generals during the war. In an apt comparison he says that Wellington in the Peninsular was like the *espada* in a bullfight, the *matador* who faces and kills the bull, while the Spaniards were like the assistants who excite and divert the bull's attention. All the noblest qualities as well as the most unpractical side of the Spanish nature were aroused by this life-and-death struggle; and if at first their action seemed to consist mainly in beseeching England for monetary assistance, while they themselves dreamed dreams of abstract victories and exaltations, their subsequent persistence and courage justified the confidence of England in receiving their envoys with enthusiasm, and responding to their requests for supplies with a perhaps unparalleled generosity.

The first volume of Señor Villa-Urrutia's history, now issued, describes the Courts of England and Spain and the events of the first fifteen months of the war, from the *Dos de Mayo* rising to the campaign of Talavera in July, 1809. In time it thus runs parallel to the first two volumes of Professor Oman's work, to which the author pays a glowing tribute. But the military events, the expedition of Sir John

* *Relaciones entre España e Inglaterra durante la Guerra de la Independencia.* Por W. R. de Villa-Urrutia. (Madrid. 750 pesetas.)

Moore and the first operations of Wellington, are here only slightly sketched in to complete the picture of the diplomatic negotiations, which are described with a keenness and clearness that succeed in riveting the reader's attention to a degree not usual with matters purely diplomatic.

Upon Wellington's defects in private character the author is inclined to dwell severely, while he admits that they did not impair his generalship any more than his good fortune detracted from his greatness. This book will be of very great interest both to Spaniards and to Englishmen. It would be difficult to say to which it will appeal more strongly; it is written almost from an English standpoint in a delightful and peculiarly Spanish style.

DICKENS AND MUSIC

ONE of the musical journals, apropos, no doubt, of the Dickens centenary, has set a competitive examination-paper on the musical allusions in "Dombey and Son." The questions run up to the number of fourteen, and some of the answers would certainly be of general interest. Thus we are asked to say what popular musical composition had its origin and success in the feeling created by the publication of "Dombey and Son." This was the "What are the wild waves saying?" duet—words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover. The novel was published 1846-48, and the duet in or about 1850. The characters singing it are Paul and Florence.

Again, there is "What is Dickens' impression of a scientific musician?" The passage referred to here is obviously that in chapter xxxiii., where a gentleman hears some bars and beats time on the seat beside him. "The extraordinary satisfaction he derived from humming something very slow and long, which had no recognisable tune, seemed to denote that he was a scientific musician."

These and the other questions suggest that there is room for a little book on the musical allusions in Dickens' works. It would involve a good deal of research of course, for, in order to give verisimilitude to his stories, Dickens brought in real songs, and many of these have so far remained undiscovered. Thus, no one has yet traced the song "For the Port of Barbadoes, Boys," mentioned in the fifteenth chapter of "Dombey."

But the point one would rather dwell on now is that Dickens was himself musical. The fact that, like Mr. Dick Swiveller, he found occasional comfort in performing upon a musical instrument is perhaps unfamiliar to most people. During his American travels in 1842 he gave Forster a hint of this. "I have bought another accordion," he wrote. "The steward lent me one on the passage out, and I regaled the ladies' cabin with my performances. You can't think with what feeling I play 'Home, Sweet Home' every night, or how pleasantly sad it makes me." One thinks somehow of Stevenson and his penny whistle, upon which he declared himself to be "a great performer before the Lord." Later, when R. L. S. took to the flageolet, a neighbour protested that he "played so dolefully as to be a menace to one's enjoyment of life." Dickens might make himself "pleasantly sad" with his accordion, but one is not so sure about the ladies' cabin!

During his schooldays the novelist received some regular instruction in music, and an attempt was made to teach him the pianoforte. Here, however, the music-master had as little success as the music-masters of Scott and Burns had in teaching their pupils psalmody. Dickens' music-master, in fact, "felt compelled" to declare to the principal of the school that his efforts were fruitless. He could make

nothing of his young pupil, he said, and it would be robbing his parents to continue the lessons.

This, however, was only to fail on the mechanical side of music. We must not infer from it that Dickens had no aptitude for the art. As a matter of fact, in after-life he was intensely fond of it, and had a most excellent ear and a good voice. As a young man he often condescended to sing serio-comic songs, interspersed with clever sketches of character, for the entertainment of his friends, and these performances were highly successful, conferring great pleasure even upon the most sedate amongst his audience.

His eldest daughter, referring to a later period, says that her father would listen to playing or singing by the hour together, and was very critical as to the proper pronunciation and the distinct articulation of words. The playing of the violin by Joachim, who visited Gad's Hill, perfectly enchanted him, as it did Tennyson. Miss Dickens says:—"I never remember seeing him so wrapt and absorbed as he was then on hearing him play, and the wonderful simplicity and unselfconsciousness of the genius went straight to my father's heart, and made a fast bond of sympathy between those two great men."

Miss Dickens, in further illustration of her father's musical leanings and of his ideal relations with children, recalls how he would sing to his own little ones of an evening before bedtime. This to their great delight, as with one seated upon his knee and the others grouped around, he would at their request go through no end of songs, mostly of a humorous kind, and laugh over them quite as much as his small listeners, enjoying them quite as much, too. For the general run of classical music Dickens had as little liking as Scott, though some of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" charmed him, and certain of Mozart's and Chopin's compositions "found him," to use Coleridge's expressive phrase. His chief delight was in good dance-music, and in the rendering of national airs. George Linley's song of "Little Nell" was one of his special favourites.

NOTES AND NEWS

Mr. Heinemann will publish on February 8th "Marjorie Stevens," a novel by V. Taubman-Goldie; and "Esther," a novel by Agnes E. Jacob, on February 18th.

The meetings of the Zoological Society for Scientific Business will be resumed on Tuesday evening next, when several important papers will be read by members.

We are advised that the Research Defence Society, founded just four years ago, has gained one thousand new members and associates during the past year, and has founded ten new branches.

On February 4th at eight o'clock, and on February 5th at 2.30, at the New Princes Theatre, the Incorporated Stage Society will present a play in three Acts, entitled "Travelers," by Norman McKeown.

The next lectures at the London Institution will be by Professor A. F. Pollard, M.A., Monday, February 5th, at 5 p.m., on "The Evolution of England," and by Josiah Booth, Esq., A.R.A.M., Thursday, February 8th, at 6 p.m., on "The Songs and Ballads of Sir Arthur Sullivan," with musical illustrations.

A new edition of Mr. Sidney Heath's "Our Homeland Churches and How to Study Them" will be published by

the Homeland Association during this month. The text has been remodelled and lengthened; the illustrations have been revised, and now include a charming series of architectural drawings by Mr. J. R. Leathart. The new edition, which completes the ninth thousand of the book, will be issued at half-a-crown net.

With regard to the International Musical Competition for Choirs, Orchestras and Bands which is to take place in Paris next May, the Secretary-General of the Paris City Council has written to M. Henri Bonnaire, of 20, High Holborn, inviting British school-children to visit the French capital for the special events to be held on Whit-Tuesday. Expenses of board and lodging will be defrayed by the City of Paris, and the cost of music will also go to the same account. It is hoped that a very successful Children's Festival will result, forming a part of the larger demonstration which is fixed for May 26th and 27th.

The National Insurance Advisory Council, of No. 3, Northampton Square, E.C., is prepared to advise inquirers who are desirous of ascertaining their position under the National Insurance Act. Special attention will be given to inquiries from registered Friendly Societies of less than five thousand members and unregistered societies, slate clubs, and yearly clubs, &c. Any person desirous of making an inquiry, whether on his own behalf or on the behalf of any other person, should forward a letter containing full particulars and a stamped addressed envelope for reply to the Secretary at the above address. No charge will be made for any information given.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ENTENTE CORDIALE

THE warm-hearted reception accorded the party of English visitors to Russia has already served a very useful purpose inasmuch as it has revealed in a striking manner the generous qualities of the Russian people. The welcome has been in every sense of the term a national one—an Anglo-Russian *Entente Cordiale*. The Tsar received the visitors, entertainments in their honour were given by the municipality of St. Petersburg and other public bodies, and they have been the guests of the officers of several famous regiments. All accounts agree that the hospitality dispensed was on a scale typical of that happy combination of lavishness and exquisite taste for which Russian hosts are conspicuous the world over. Statesmen of all parties, led by the Premier, have combined in giving expression to the friendly sentiments felt by the nation as a whole towards the English people. One of the correspondents mentioned that "what Russians accentuate and delight in at the Parliamentary dinner is the unique fact that for the first time public men so opposed in ideas and strivings as Count Witte, M. Durnovo, M. Kovalevsky, M. Milyukoff, and M. Guchekoff should have met at the same hospitable board and united to welcome in the name of the Russian nation the representatives of Great Britain." The writer goes on to describe the cordiality as intense. "I, who have at many times beheld at close quarters," continues the writer of the despatch, "the fraternisation of peoples in Russia and abroad, can testify that I have never witnessed such heartfelt, such impassioned demonstrations of friendship . . . it was more like the reunion of brothers

after a long and painful separation than a first acquaintance ripening into friendship."

As to the masses of the Russian people, they have not only demonstrated their approval of the national policy, but have also exhibited those warm and friendly qualities which are the outstanding features of their character. The Russian and English flags mingled in the decorative scheme of the streets, and everywhere the English party were received by cheering crowds. At a banquet given in honour of the guests one of the speakers correctly interpreted the usefulness of their visit when he declared that it would go a long way towards correcting any lingering misunderstanding that existed, and would bring home to the English people some correct idea concerning Russia and her people. He added with emphasis that there was no thing mysterious about the Russian people. They were not Orientals, but Europeans, having aims and ideals in common with those of Englishmen.

For several years past the policy of the two Governments has been shaping itself on lines of single purpose. But as far as the two peoples are concerned, it must be confessed that hitherto they have been singularly ignorant of each other's character, achievements, and aspirations. To a large extent the distance that separates the two countries has been responsible for this unfortunate circumstance; but in the main the chilly relations existing between the Governments in the past have accounted for any national estrangement. Those individuals, however, possessed of opportunities of acquainting themselves with the kindly and, at the same time, sturdy attributes of Russian character have never failed to realise that the presence of racial antipathy was due alone to the expediency of Government policy. It is now admitted that there have been faults on both sides, and since the two Governments arrived at an understanding little time has been allowed to elapse before the two peoples, having been, so to speak, introduced to each other, and having learnt something of the life and the temperament of each other, have become fast friends. Russia has shown, with a spontaneousness which bespeaks greatness, that she is able to forgive and to forget the past. In this connection an incident described by the *Times* correspondent is worthy of attention. The occasion was the Parliamentary banquet to which I have already alluded. It fell to the lot of General Rehberg, a Member of the Upper House and one of the few surviving Crimean veterans, to propose the toast of the British Army. The story is best told in the words of the eyewitness: In proposing the toast of the British Army, he (General Rehberg) recalled the fight at Balaclava, and paid a signal tribute to the gallantry of the British troops. He told how Russian Cossacks, while trying to remove the captured guns, were cut to pieces by Lord Cardigan's brigade, who sabred the gunners and then retired under a murderous fire "as if on parade," each squadron preserving distance and closing up its ranks as men fell out. That feat had for ever remained memorable among Russians. Long before the tale so familiar to us had ended every one in the room had risen from his seat fearing to lose a word. There was silence for some minutes, then cheers burst out with redoubled vigour. "To the King's soldiers!" "To the British cavalry!" General Bethune rose to thank General Rehberg. He was deeply touched by the tribute from the Russian Crimean veteran. It was not a soldier's business to talk, but he could not refrain from expressing the hope that the brave foes who are now our friends would ever henceforth stand shoulder to shoulder.

And more recent memories than those of the Crimean War have passed away from Russian minds. Great Britain's support of Japan in the devastating Manchurian campaign of 1904-5 has left not a trace of ill-feeling. For, above all, Russian statesmen and people have a sane idea of the

requirements of foreign policy, but, naturally, they share with ourselves the regret that an understanding was not arranged sufficiently early to avert the calamitous events in the Far East. Nevertheless, like true philosophers and kind friends, they unite with us in the wise realisation that no great purpose can be served by prolonging rancour, and that, in other words, the practicability of arranging for the future should not be marred by any petty recollections of mutual mistakes in the past. To-day, as far as Russia and Great Britain are concerned, the slate is clean, and it is devoutly to be hoped, in the interests of both nations, that the writing to appear upon it will be a record of harmonious relationship and honest endeavour.

Both countries have more than sufficient territory within their Empires, and in their possessions both are face to face with the problems of Asiatic unrest. Moreover, Russia's destiny lies on the land, that of England on the sea. And, finally, Great Britain has superfluous capital, Russia a superabundance of hidden wealth. The Tsar's passionate desire for peace is a dominating factor in world politics to-day, and who can say that this desire is not shared by our King and his people? Russia stands in need of a period free from turmoil, in which to uplift her peasantry and develop her enormous resources, and it should be the whole-hearted desire of Christendom to see her efforts crowned with success.

Since the war of 1904-5 events have moved somewhat rapidly. Many of us have been compelled to revise our judgment in regard to the great and complicated problems arising from the relations of the East with the West. We have seen the triumph of Japan followed by unrest in India and China, and by turmoil in Persia and Turkey. There is abroad among the teeming millions of Asia the impression that the white man is a bogey, and the determination is spreading that, as soon as possible, Western domination or interference must be dispensed with for ever. And it cannot be doubted that in the main this uneasy feeling is the direct outcome of the events of 1904-5. Indian secessionists have openly written to the Japanese newspapers declaring that it was to Japan that they looked for assistance in their struggle against so-called British tyranny, and Japanese literature has been found among the belongings of Indian bomb-throwers. I have also read a letter in the Japanese press from a Turkish military officer of high standing hailing Japan as the guiding star of Asia. Then there have been developments in other important directions—the refusal of British Columbia and of the Western States of America to admit without restriction Japanese emigrants, and the determination of our colonies to have a strong fleet of armoured ships stationed in the Pacific. It is the West that has brought the East within hailing distance. We have built railways that, in point of time, bring Peking nearer than Pretoria, and we are now shaping further projects which will include India and the Persian Gulf within the possibility of a Transcontinental journey. To the millions of the East we have taught the arts of war and peace. Rudely, we have awakened them from the slumber of ages, and now abruptly we are brought face to face with the consequence.

Russia, whose frontiers lie athwart Manchuria, Mongolia, Turkestan, Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey, has been singled out by Nature to be the protecting bulwark of Western civilisation. Her peasantry are awakening at a time when the hordes of Asia, too, are bestirring themselves. The Russian Government have realised that they cannot hold territories that they do not develop and populate, hence the Amur railway to the Far East and emigration to Siberia. Thus we may say that an outpost of Western civilisation is being converted into a barrier, a barrier composed of sturdy Russian peasants, whose indus-

trial activities and, if necessary, whose strong right arms will stem the tide of Asiatic aggression. For in no circumstances can the West assimilate with the East; it can only raise a breakwater against the East. We may yet be thankful that the progress of Russia has been retarded until to-day, and that she still has in reserve those millions of sturdy sons of the soil. Both as a man and as a soldier the Russian peasant is unsurpassable. Feed him, clothe him, house him with but a meagre degree of comfort, and day in and day out he will work as hard as in time of war he will fight courageously. He is indeed well worthy to represent the liberty-loving manhood of Europe in the coming keen struggle against the economic forces of Asia. It is scarcely likely that the significant lesson which I have briefly touched upon will remain unheeded by the individual members of the mission now enjoying the hospitality of the Russian nation, and it is to be hoped that on their return they will spare no effort to persuade the British public of the comprehensive value of Russian friendship.

MOTORING

ONE of the most notable and significant features of the motoring movement during the last twelve months has been the steady influx of American-made cars into this country—the materialisation, in fact, of the "invasion" which has been impending so long that most people had come to believe that it would never arrive at all. That it is here at last, and that the campaign is one of a serious and determined nature, is now abundantly clear. At different times within the last seven or eight years there have been many isolated and spasmodic attempts to introduce American cars into the British market, but with one or two exceptions they have proved conspicuous failures, owing partly to British prejudice and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the Transatlantic makers only sent us what they did not want in their own market. A year or so ago, about the only American cars doing any tangible business on this side were the Bedford, the Ford, and the White (steamer). In addition to these, there are now firmly planted in our midst the Maxwell, the Flanders, the E.M.F., the Hupmobile, the Overland, the Mitchell, the Hudson, the Knit, the R.M.C. (known in America as the Regal), the Cameron, the Stoddard, and the White petrol car. Several of these are already represented by agents all over the United Kingdom, and there is no doubt that one or two of them are doing a really big business.

The main issue upon which the American manufacturers appear to have determined to fight for a big share of the British market is that of power in relation to price. They have realised that the ordinary motorist of to-day insists upon adequate power for all purposes, and that he wants it at the lowest price possible. They have therefore concentrated upon that objective, and as a result of their enormous outputs and facilities for standardisation they are able to put on the British market cars of 15 to 25 h.p. at prices which are impossible to the majority of British makers. An analysis of the specifications of the above-mentioned cars shows that, with one single exception (the 14 h.p. Maxwell), there is not one under 15 h.p. (B.A.C. rating), and, except the Mitchell and Cameron six-cylinders, not one over 29 h.p. These are listed, complete and ready for the road in every detail, at prices ranging from £150 (the 14 h.p. Maxwell, rated at 12.4) to £375 for the 25 h.p. Hudson. In short, the typical American car which is now over here in such numbers may be said to average 20 to 25 in h.p. and about £250 in price. The average price of British or Continental

cars of similar power is probably at least £100 more, so that it will be seen at once what a tremendous advantage the Americans start with in the competition.

It is not easy to see what effective reply the British makers, or rather those of them who cater for the middle-class motorist, will be able to make to the American challenge. Reliance upon a continuance of the prejudice against the American-made car is likely to result in painful disillusionment. The fact that many of the American cars we have had over here have lacked durability and proved generally unsatisfactory by no means proves that the Americans cannot turn out good ones. On the contrary, British motor-experts who have visited the States at different times have returned convinced that the best American cars are fully equal to the best of European manufacture. As a proof that some American cars, at any rate, are capable of standing the severest tests, one may refer to the recent Glidden tour. This consisted of a run over nearly 1,500 miles, from New York to Jacksonville, the roads and weather being of such a character as would appal the ordinary British motorist. Among the sixty-four cars which participated were five Maxwells. Of these, three (constituting a team) finished the arduous journey without the loss of a single mark, and thus secured the Glidden Trophy. The fourth won the Anderson Trophy, and the fifth won the money prize. The question is—Is there a car of any make, or any nationality, which could do better than this? The fact the British maker has to face is that the prejudice against the American car, which has stood him in good stead so long, will gradually disappear, and he will then have to meet the competition on equal terms—unless,

that is, a prohibitive tariff be imposed for his protection. Failing that, his only chance lies in copying American methods of manufacture—namely, magnitude of output and complete standardisation.

In the above connection it is interesting to note that the Belsize Company recently deputed three of its representatives to make an extended tour of the American motor factories for the express purpose of studying the methods of our Transatlantic friends. This old-established British company has long been recognised as one of the most enterprising and alert in the industry, and there is no doubt that the fruits of the visit will soon be in evidence. Even as things are now, the latest Belsize, the 10·12h.p., at 200 guineas—constitutes by far the most formidable and effective reply to the challenge of the low-priced American car, and one learns without surprise that the whole of the output originally provided for the 1912 season has been absorbed. But one swallow does not make a summer, and a good many other makers will have to follow the Belsize example if the American "invasion" is to be successfully repelled.

R. B. H.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS remains dull. The speculative public takes up first one gamble, then another, but it has lost its power of hanging on. It soon gets tired. This may be a beautiful

Which is the Best Car in the World?

The following is extracted from the
"Yorkshire Herald," Jan. 18th, 1912:—

"It arose out of the popular verdict which is now generally accepted wherever motor-cars are known. To the question, 'Which is the best car in the world to-day?' nine out of ten people will answer without hesitation—The Rolls-Royce. I have tested this among men in the motor trade throughout the United Kingdom, as among Frenchmen and Germans, and the proportion has been about the same always. I tested it among the group of American automobile engineers who visited Olympia, and failed to find one who did not give the same opinion. Upon what grounds they based this opinion I don't propose to discuss. I merely relate the facts as they have come within my own knowledge. Incidentally, it would seem to me that the possession of this world-wide reputation should outweigh as a business asset even the record of two miles a minute on Ormond Beach or any similar phenomenal performance which the world has never seen equalled."

ROLLS-ROYCE

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED, 14 and 15, Conduit Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Rollhead, London."

Telephones: Gerrard 1654, 1655, and 1656.

arrangement whereby nature prevents the gambler from losing all his money in one spurt. Lose it he must if he only goes on long enough, but he evidently prefers to prolong the agony. The new companies that have come out have not attracted much attention, except of course the preference shares of C. and E. Morton, the famous wholesale house. Messrs. Coates were the brokers and the prospectus was a model of an industrial offer. The lists closed as soon as they were opened, and the 6 per cent. shares will go to a premium, as they deserve. What is more satisfactory, they will remain at a premium. The British Empire Trust offer of debentures in the Vancouver Power, a four and a-quarter bond at 96, did not look cheap, but it is a fairly safe lock-up. Kynochs said that they had sold their Arklow works, but this was only half true, for they have sold them to themselves and guarantee the debentures. It is a method of finance which is not without merit, and the debentures are not an unreasonable risk. The Lewis and Marks people attempted to float a steel works at Vereeniging, but the day when South Africa will produce its own steel is far distant, and no one except the friends of the house would be likely to touch the venture. A little tin, rubber, and wolfram mine was offered by Sharpe Ross and Co. The rubber is picked out of the trees, the tin out of other people's pockets, and the wolfram out of a lode—a gamble, but not a hopeless one. There are plenty of new ventures offering. A big French cold storage company with an ambitious idea of monopoly is to be out soon; the long-talked-of company that is to handle the weeds on the Nile and make them into fuel will be out in a fortnight, and the great champagne-man, Kessler, is busy with his huge Permutit company, in which Kessler stands to make a huge sum of money. Of the process I know nothing, but Kessler is a figure in finance both here and in Wall Street. I can only say that most of the American industrial ventures promoted in England have been swamped by over-capitalisation—notably the ill-fated United Malaysian, which has thrown away money with both hands, and is now in a hopeless state.

MONEY.—It looks as though we might get a spell of cheaper money. It will not be really cheap. But the Bank Rate may be reduced in a few weeks. The Government is letting loose some of its funds, and this has eased the market. Trade keeps very good, and therefore there is a steady demand in the country. Prices are high, and this uses up a great deal of the gold, but the South African supply is steady and about equals the demand. What would happen if the world went on to a credit and paper basis I don't know. Such a thing is quite probable, for the gradual increase in the supply of gold is affecting prices all over the world, and nations that hoard gold—like Russia, France, and the United States—are running a bigger risk than they are aware of. The risk that their hoards may be raided by war, a risk that the great commercial nations like England and Germany that trade on credit and productive wealth may one day give up the gold basis. Gold in England is now almost, if not quite, unnecessary. But our banks must keep 25 per cent. of their deposits in gold in order to maintain their credit. Most of the banks now keep more.

CONSOLS.—The arguments about Consols continue. They are fruitless because quite impracticable. We cannot redeem Consols at a fixed date; almost all the Bank chairmen have told us so. We can increase the Sinking Fund. This should be done, but it is only a temporary measure, and when we were at war would be forgotten. Now the plan of popularising Consols by doing away with the transfer duty and making Consols to "bearer" with coupons attached is not only practical, but in times of war would be of immense value to the nation, for it would enable us to place loans amongst the people, and render us partially independent of the great financial groups, who, with the instinct of their class, realise the danger and therefore sneer at the scheme.

FOREIGNERS.—There is little doing in the Foreign Market. Some alarmists seem to think that a big European war is one of the certainties of 1912. But there are no signs of selling anywhere. Nervous people have got out of their Chinese Bonds, wisely in my opinion, for we do not know how long the Revolution will last, and plainly the North of

China does not see eye to eye with the South. There is also great danger that Japan will interfere, in which case we might get a big war. The United States would back China against Japan, and be glad of the chance. The real danger is, and always has been, the poverty and vanity of the Japanese nation, whose capacity to fight may swamp their sense of proportion. Tintos have been sold in Paris by some weak speculators who would not carry over. But they will go up again, for the copper position is good. There are a few weak bulls in the copper market, and fewer bears than we would like to see.

HOME RAILS.—As the reports come out most of the bulls seem delighted, but do not buy any more. The price of almost all our English railways is decidedly low. The figures of the Great Northern and also the London Brighton and South Coast were very good. South Western have not done well, and this line should long ago have electrified its whole suburban system. It has failed to do this, and its local traffic must fall off each year. It has lost Wimbledon, it is losing the other towns like Barnes, Richmond, Mortlake, Putney. These it could have kept easily by an electrified rail to Richmond. The Great Western should at once electrify to Maidenhead. Had it done so five years ago it would have saved the Ealing, Southall, and Uxbridge traffic, all now gone to opposition and new lines. Local traffic can only be handled at a profit by electric trains on the modern style—all one class and all cheap fares. The District has shown us how a good service makes good profits and brings business where none existed before.

YANKEES.—It is useless to discuss the American market. It is only an example of how splendid a person the Yankee is when things are good and how utterly his courage fails him in misfortune. The American citizen grows like a gourd in the hot sun of prosperity, but he wilts away in a cold snap of trouble. The land is so rich and money is made so easily that we are apt to exaggerate the business capacity of the Yankee. He has made money because he could not help it—because the United States is one of the richest countries in the world. But we now find the Yankee papers filled with wails and prophecies of impending woe—the reaction from the unnatural optimism of the "Smile" Club mania. To-day is not the day to gamble in Yankees, but investors cannot do better than pick up Unions. The Convertible Bonds are sound and cheap.

RUBBER.—They are going to put up Rubber Trusts. But I see no definite reason why they should; indeed, I think the whole rubber market quite high enough. The big deal in cocoa-nut plantations made by the Vallambrosa Company, amounting to £400,000, will probably cause some talk, and will require either a new company or fresh capital. Cocoa-nuts are going to be the fashion in the Lane, and big money is to be put into this palm. But my readers should remember that a cocoa palm is only worth from 10s. to 15s., and that the biggest yield is not much over forty nuts a year. The Prye did get three-quarters of a nut out of each of its palms last year; this was always called a good cocoa-nut company.

OIL.—Oil shares have been a little harder, probably because the bears have been buying back. The British Burmah, which I severely handled when it was floated, has just made its first report. It is even worse than any one expected. All the half-million has gone except £90,000. The company has not made the £500,000 profit the prospectus suggested; it has made a loss of £88,357. Indeed, a more hopeless fiasco I cannot conceive. Why the Directors did not ask a few questions of those who knew the Burmese oil trade before they joined the board I don't know. What I know many others know. I do not pretend to be an expert in oil, but I knew enough to see that the company could not succeed. The report hopes that £400,000 will be made next year, but more money will be needed. If any of my readers are asked to find some of this money they should promptly refuse. It will only go the way of the rest of the money. British Burmah has no chance of success.

KAFFIRS.—Brokers who once told their clients that they should not sell Kaffirs in a falling market are now regretting

this advice. There seems no end to the slump. The mines were "guttled" to keep up the returns. Now the managers are in a quandary. They are compelled to crush above the value of the reserves to keep going at all. We must take 25 per cent. off the lives of the mines to allow for the overpressing of the mines during the past twelve months.

RHODESIANS.—There is nothing to go for here except the Chartered Report, which all expect to be very good indeed. The great row between Sir Abe Bailey and the Amalgamated Props will probably be settled out of Court. The whole business is very disgraceful, and the Amalgamated Props meeting was a cynical commentary on the conduct of the stupid sheep of shareholders who allowed clever Mr. Bonnard, who had himself sold properties for shares, to lead them whichever way he chose.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is talk of still bigger things for Marconi. But those who have a profit should take it. Bus stock should also be sold by those who hold it. Salisbury Jones is going to make a half-million Tiruelli Rubber Co.! The Aporoma gold is delayed a month. But the gamble in Cements has not begun. I hear Whim Well are to be rigged up. Leyland Prefs are also talked higher.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me where I can find an English poem called "Salami and Zulamith"? It is, or professes to be, a translation of a Norwegian legend explaining the origin of the Milky Way. I read it some years ago, but cannot remember who was the author, nor in what book it occurred. I think I read it in a review or magazine.—Yours faithfully,

ENQUIRER.

January 25th, 1912.

"SPELING MAID EEZY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Many opponents of spelling reform give as one of their reasons for such opposition that the simplified spelling looks ugly and uncouth, whilst the present conventional spelling has, according to them, a beauty of its own, which they allege is lacking in the new system. But what constitutes beauty? If we ask an artist, he will tell us that for anything to be beautiful it must conform to the "canons of art." That if these canons are ignored we may arrive at the bizarre or the grotesque, but cannot hope to attain to beauty. So it is with our conventional spelling. We have certainly arrived at the bizarre, and some of us think the grotesque, in our spelling; but we have failed to arrive at the beautiful. Whether a system can be beautiful is a question upon which opinions differ; but at present we have no system at all in the conventional spelling. True, we are informed that there are certain rules, but as soon as we begin to apply any rule we find one exception after another, so much so in fact that few of us pay any attention to rules, and trust entirely to memory. Take the word "beautiful," for instance, and its noun "beauty." Where can we find any rule for spelling these words? Again, take the allied word "beau." This springs from the same origin as the word beauty, but its pronunciation is quite different. What rule can we apply to the two? But some say that if you spell one of these words "boe," and the other "byuti," you destroy their connection both with one another and with the foreign word they are both derived from. Well, but should not the pronunciation as well as the spelling give some clue to the derivation? Both are from the French "beauté," but only one has any resemblance to the French pronunciation. Besides, how many persons in using either the word "beau" or the word "beauty" ever give a thought to the French "beauté"? Not one in ten thousand. And yet we are asked, in all seriousness, to continue to spell words as they are not pronounced, and to pronounce words as they are not spelt, because less than one person in ten thousand may possibly (not, will necessarily) find some difficulty in tracing its connection with a word in some other language, either living or dead. And yet we are supposed to be

a utilitarian people! Can irony find a more extreme example than this?

Why not simplify matters by considering the benefit of the greatest number, lightening the burdens of the schoolchildren, and leaving the more difficult part to the few students of etymology, who have greater facilities for pursuing their studies, and to whom the amount of extra labour involved would not constitute an "intolerable strain."

The study of etymology is, no doubt, of great value, and should be far more widely followed than it is at present, but let us all at least be merciful to the millions who have neither the time nor the opportunity to pursue that study, as well as to those future etymologists who have not yet attained to the years when they will be able to take it up.—Yours, &c.,

E. ANDREWS.

Cotheringstone, Darlington, January 27th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You ask if Germany were to commens a similar moovment to that ov the Simplified Speling Society whot wud happen? The only alteraishon needed in the last three wurdz iz the tens. Sumthing did happen several yearz ago when Germany reformed her orthografy, so we shud waiken up to recover lost tiem if we wish to hav an educatied peepl and keep abreast with that grait comershal naishon. Her children can read German with about wun to too yearz les effort than that recwierd ov an English child lerning English.

Why shud we handicap our children in this wai? Ar ther not difficultiz enuf in the path ov lief and noelej without adheering to thoez which can be remoovd and no wun be the peny the wurs? What dux eny wun gain bi speling in our puzel-heded fashon? Nothing. Even the oeld criez, los ov history, destruchon ov etimoloy, ar les loud than thai wer in the erly fortiz, when Pitman and Ellis launcht thair foenetic sceemz. The wuk ov Ellis, Max Müller, Professor Skeat, Sir James A. H. Murray, Dr. Sweet, Dr. Furnivall, and a hoest ov uther eminent filolajists hav sielenst the devoetez ov French and Alford. Niether in England nor America dair eny eminent filolajists contest thair declairashonz that the prezent speling iz waistful az an educaishonal instrument, and iz not esenshal or even helpful to them az filolajists. Whi, then, tolerait this "graitest monuement ov hueman folly" to gratify an empty whim and fansid but foolish sentiment?

For scool purpoozes a foenetic sistem ant to be put into oeperaishon at wuns; for ordinary ues let materz wuk gradually, and painz and penaltiz for soecald bad speling meenwhiel to sees.—Yuerz, etc.,

H. DRUMMOND.

Laburnum Hous, Hetton-le-Hole, S.O.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SUR,—Yu gaiv me so much spais in yuer laast isyu that I dred tu be an Oliver Twist and aasc for mor. But I must point out a number ov misprints. The leter arievd lait, I no, and yu had not tiem tu submit a prunf tu "the eegl i ov the Secretary." The printer haz copid the mistaiks ov "W. L. R." and poot "z" for "s" in several plaisez. He mai be a man ov "Zomerzet." "Getz" shoold be "gets," "speecz" "speecs," and so on. "Editor" iz riten az in the oeld speling for the saic ov wurdz derievd from it, "editorial" for instans. "Wair" shoold be "wer." Enuf; the printer did admirably, onely that the vigor ov hiz cursez mai hav upset hiz font a litl.—Yuerz faithfully,

SYDNEY WALTON.

Simplified Speling Soesiety, 44, Great Russell Street, W.C.

THE NYU SPELING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hope no attempt will be made seriously to spell on the nyu or nyu system. If children shed tears over the customary style they will shed ten times more over the nyu. If it is so very easy, why do not the inventors and advocates learn to use it themselves? Surely sur and tu do not contain the same vowel. Yuer shoold be one syllable and revyuer three, but this is not shown. Soesiety seems to have lost a syllable, and mietier looks queer, the one syllable condemning the other. The whole system is simply lunatic.—I am, &c.,

W. B.

TO THE SPELLING REFORMERS

Pray leave the well alone;
That which hath slowly grown,
The form and shape of language, half divine,
You in your haste would slay,
And from its soulless clay
Fashion a monster worse than Frankenstein.
Plague upon such reform!
Why would ye thus deform
The living word to suit a lifeless rule?
Why not instead compel
Dunces who cannot spell
Back to their all too soon abandoned school?

J. B. WALLIS.

. [Owing to the numerous letters we are receiving upon this subject the reply of the writer of the original review is postponed.—Ed.]

THE PRACTICABLE ECONOMIC BASIS OF PARTICULAR FREEDOM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In my last letter it will be remembered that I dealt with the national or common basis of national or common freedom. In this letter, as I promised, I deal with the national or common basis of particular freedom.

The principles which constitute the ground of Commonalty of our House of Commons (for without such a ground there can be no common source of common law) appear, at the present day, to be either completely or authoritatively ignored or completely or authoritatively misinterpreted. The reason of such a complete anomaly must be obvious, since, whilst it is commonly believed that law can be the common ground of freedom, the common breach of common law must be the rule and not the exception. A House of Commons, as the basis of a common executive, that is to say, as a common form of common Conservatism (there can be no Liberalism or freedom in an executive), can never be said to be the common source of our freedom. A House of Commons which possesses no ground of common procedure is not a House of Commons in an actual sense, whatever it may be in an apparent sense.

Conservatism, which is wholly legal (negatively free) in action, has become wholly separated from or absolutely opposed to its particular legal form (its free or liberal basis). Whilst Liberalism, which is wholly revolutionary (negatively legal) in action, has become wholly separated from, or absolutely opposed to, its particular free form (its legal, economic, or conservative basis).

What is needed is not any absolute form of government, whether it be absolutely representative of law or freedom, but a characteristic form of government which is representative or characteristic of both law and freedom—that is to say, a Crown form.

Thus the absolute character of the Crown is only to be found in its absolute form of continuity (Crown succession), whilst the particular character of the Crown is only to be found in its particular form of continuity (Crown executive). Government, therefore, in strict accordance with Crown principles or limits would mean this—namely, that its absolute character is only to be found in its absolute form of continuity (Commons' recognition of Commonalty), whilst its economic character is only to be found in its economic form of continuity (party recognition of party). For it stands to all reason that, if particular forms of freedom take the place of absolute forms difficulties in the shape of absolute legal rights of freedom are created.

If, however, our national form of legislation is one of particular tyranny, it need not necessarily follow that our international form of legislation (foreign policy) is one of party tyranny. As it is, we have been very fortunate in having such an exception in the policy of our present Minister at the Foreign Office. I need hardly say that Sir Edward Grey's policy has not met with his party's approval, simply because it is an absolute and not a particular national policy.

Here, then, we have the practicable economic basis of particular freedom. Parties within the Commons must be made to recognise particular limits, and not give absolute colour to their particular legislative policies. No national form of government can claim an absolute ground of freedom, because the only absolute national ground of freedom is contained in our foreign policy—that is to say, in the absolutely national supremacy of our international standing. This, let me add, is why the Referendum is practicable in such a country as Switzerland but impracticable here. Switzerland, not being a first-rate Power, possesses no absolute national form of government, only a

national particular form—a mere single-Chamber form of common representation like our own House of Commons.

If Sir Edward Grey is removed from office our policy of government will be universally a Little England policy, borrowed from Switzerland, not Germany.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge,
January 27th, 1912.

A JAPANESE CHRISTMAS CAROL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Last Christmas a young Japanese friend composed and sent to me the following Christmas carol, which may perhaps be of interest to your readers. The metre is as modern as the thought to Japan, but the wording is pure Japanese, unadulterated with Chinese compounds, and in that it follows the rules of the old Japanese poets. The English translation is my own, and though perhaps it hardly does justice to the original, it follows it fairly closely, and almost line for line. In reading the Japanese each vowel should be pronounced separately, a final "n" counts as one syllable and a long vowel as two.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM N. PORTER.

Oxford, January 19th, 1912.

Judeya no mukashi	Of Judea past and gone
Tou mo ushi	Ask we now in vain;
Hoshi iku tabi ka	Many times since then the stars
Utsurō mo	Slowly wax and wane,
Hana tokoshie ni	Blossoms never fail to bloom,
Shiboru tomo	Though they fade away;
Hijiri wa ima mo	This is all the wisest men
Miru gotoshi.	Seem to know to-day.
Kike akatsuki no	Listen! in the early dawn
Kane no koye	Sounds a far-off bell;
Nori no oshie no	Sure and certain is the truth
Tōtosa wo	That it comes to tell.
Mi-yo tasogare no	See! amid the gath'ring gloom
Toboshi-bi wo	Burns a glowing light,
Hito no yo terasu	'Tis the Son of God Who shines
Kami no Miko.	Through the world's dark night.
Ogi inoran	May we therefore, thou and I,
Kimi to ware	Reverently pray.
Iwai matsuran	As we gladly one and all
Morotomo ni.	Keep this festal day.

FUJINO-YA.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

- In Dickens Street.* By W. R. Thomson. John Smith and Son, Glasgow 3s. 6d. net.
- How to Start a Woman's Lodging Home.* By Mary Higgs P. S. King and Son. 3d.
- Openings for University Women Other than Teaching.* The Central Bureau for the Employment of Women. 1s.
- Couch Fires and Primrose Ways.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.
- Modern Wars and War Taxes: A Manual of Military Finance.* By W. R. Lawson. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.
- High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia: a Search for the Apex of America, including the Conquest of Huascarán. With Some Observations on the Country and People Below.* By Annie S. Peck, M.A. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
- Small Greenhouses.* By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. Illustrated. London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.
- The Persecution of the Jews in Russia: an Account of the Legalised Torture of Six Million Human Beings.* With a Preface by Lucien Wolf. T. Fisher Unwin.
- English Fairy Poetry from the Origins to the Seventeenth Century.* By Professor Floris Delattre. Frontispiece. Henry Frowde.
- The Referendum among the English: a Manual of "Submissions to the People" in the American States.* By Samuel R. Honey. Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Badness of Wagner's Bad Luck: A First Exposure of Anti-Wagnerian Journalism.* By David Irvine. Watts and Co. 1s. net.

- Sport in the Eastern Sudan from Souakin to the Blue Nile.* By W. B. Cotton, I.C.S. With Map. Rowland Ward. 6s. 6d. net.
- Hunters and Hunting in the Arctic.* By the Duke of Orleans. Translated by H. Grahame Richards. Illustrated. David Nutt. 7s. 6d. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Counties of England, Their Story and Antiquities.* By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., and Other Writers. Two Volumes. Illustrated. George Allen and Co. 21s. net.
- Porter's Progress of Nations. South American Series:—Chile, an Account of its Wealth and Progress.* By Julio Perez Canto. With an Introduction by Robert P. Porter and Two Maps. George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.
- Porter's Progress of Nations. Canadian Series:—Alberta, an Account of its Wealth and Progress.* By Leo Thwaite. With an Introduction by Robert P. Porter, Two Maps and Sixteen Illustrations. George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.
- The Life of George Borrow, Compiled from Unpublished Official Documents, His Works, Correspondence, &c.* By Herbert Jenkins. Illustrated. John Murray 10s. 6d. net.
- The Full Recognition of Japan: Being a Detailed Account of the Economic Progress of the Japanese Empire to 1911.* By Robert P. Porter. With Seven Coloured Maps. Henry Frowde. 10s. 6d. net.
- The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning.* Four Lectures by Thomas A. Lounsbury, LL.D. T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

VERSE

- Nemuphar, the Fourfold Flower of Life.* By Harriet L. Child-Pemberton. Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.
- Tasso and Eleonora: A Drama with Historical Note.* By Gertrude Leigh. Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.
- In the Wake of the Phoenix.* By James A. Mackereth. Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- Quiet Places.* Poems by Carlos Wuppermann. Shaemas O Sheel, New York. \$1.

THEOLOGY

- Through Evolution to the Living God.* By the Rev. J. R. Cohu. James Parker and Co., Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.
- Glimpses of Christ.* By Agnes Giberne. With a Preface by Arthur W. Robinson, D.D. Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.
- Elements of Efficiency in Preaching: A Paper read to the Association for Promoting Christian Unity in Edinburgh.* By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dalrymple, Bart. S.P.C.K. 1d.

EDUCATIONAL

- The Artist at the Piano. (The Art of Musical Interpretation.)* By George Woodhouse. William Reeves. 1s. 6d. net.
- La Vache Enragée.* By Jean Maré. (Siepmann's Primary French Series.) Adapted and Edited by the Rev. E. H. Arkwright, M.A., M.V.O. Macmillan and Co. 1s.

FICTION

- Hector Graeme.* By Evelyn Brentwood. John Lane. 6s.
- Hadji Murád, and Other Stories.* By Count Leo Tolstoy. With Coloured Frontispiece. Edited by Dr. C. Hagberg Wright. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.
- Her Roman Lover.* By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Illustrated. Constable and Co. 6s.
- The Debtor.* By Mary Angela Dickens. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.
- Success.* By Una L. Silberrad. Constable and Co. 6s.

PERIODICALS

- Layton's Handy Newspaper List, 1912; Report of the Glasgow Archaeological Society, 1910-11; Good Health; Le Philosophe de Nos Temps et La Religion Philosophique, Athens; The Humanitarian Era; The Fortnightly Review; The Cornhill Magazine; The Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; Blackwood's Magazine; The Triad, Dunedin; The Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Utopian, No. 2, Second Series; The Stage Year Book, 1912; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Publishers' Circular; The Church Quarterly Review; The Bibelot; The Conservator, Philadelphia; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Manchester Quarterly; The Antiquary; The Nineteenth Century and After; Harper's Monthly Magazine; St. Nicholas.*

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